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Comment Of The Day

Autumn—With One Misgiving

OCTOBER is here and Hongkong comes to life again. The summer torpor gives way to the activity and gaiety of the winter season. Molat discomfort, air-conditioning and linen suits take their leave. Today in their thousands, race-goers make their way to the Valley. It is the time for fetes, fairs and festivals. The sportsman comes into his own. And for the next half-year it is good to be alive.

We move into autumn with perhaps one misgiving—the dry season is accompanied by a steady depletion of our accumulated supply of precious water. Plans are afoot to remedy the deficiency with, first, a reservoir at Shek Pik, and later, either a fresh water lake at Plover Cove or a nuclear-powered distillation plant. The Colony's voracious thirst must be satisfied.

HONGKONG has already felt the first slight pinch of water restrictions. With the end of the wet season, another instalment is due, yet this must be harmonised with a demand still running at about 80 million gallons a day. Consumption this winter will run at a higher rate than last year's and even with the added reservoir capacity, we shall still be relying on early rain next year for our early summer needs.

The Water Authority would do well to initiate a timetable this month for a phased reduction in water hours from 13 to eight over the next five weeks, so that the present high demand can be gradually tapered down to more moderate proportions. Thereby the severity of a sudden and drastic cut can be avoided. With this one exception, Hongkong welcomes the onset of autumn, with a feeling of thankfulness moreover that we have escaped the disasters that have taken such tragic tolls of life in China, Formosa, Korea and Japan this summer.

MUCH DEPENDS ON PARTIES' 'SECRET WEAPON' LAST MINUTE SURPRISE? INDECISION STILL PREVAILS

London, Oct. 2.
Britain's two big political parties waited warily today for the other to produce some "secret weapon" for the last few hectic days of the General Election campaign.

Both Conservative and Labour campaign chiefs know that victory or defeat could depend on some new surprise issue brought into the light before polling day next Thursday.

Political experts, studying public opinion polls and reports from the constituencies, are now forecasting a possible photo-finish result between the two parties if present trends continue.

Surprised
They are surprised by the many thousands of people who, with only five days to go, are still undecided which way they will vote.

Conservatives, with thoughts of a "secret weapon" which could sway this uncommitted legion, today viewed with suspicion the front page of the Daily Mirror. This newspaper, with a daily circulation approaching five million, is credited with playing a part in Labour's landslide victory in 1945, and its election propaganda is apt to be startling and original.

At the 1951 election (which Labour lost) it produced the slogan "whose finger on the trigger?" above a picture of a cocked revolver and an appeal to voters to support Labour as the party which would defend peace and progress.

Campaign
Sir Winston Churchill, then leading the Conservatives, issued a writ for libel which was later settled out of court with an apology from the newspaper.

In the current campaign the Mirror has subduedly printed articles by leaders of all parties. But today it burst out in big front-page type with: "The Time has Come for the Tories to Go!" It promised to tell why next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Last night the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, told an election audience: "Beware of something new next week. I feel it in my bones and it's coming."

Candidate's Sentiments Not Endorsed

London, Oct. 2.
The Conservative Party today disowned views on nationalisation expressed by one of its own candidates, Mr. Patrick Maitland, who is standing at Lannark, Scotland, in the General Election.

Mr. Maitland was reported to have said—in a manuscript of his speech at East Kilbride issued last night by the Conservative Office—that "it would not be long before the bulldozer state became the police state."

"That is what has happened all over East Europe. I have seen it. I have seen fear walk in the face of every man."

DISTRIBUTED
The Conservative Central Office spokesmen in London today asked if, in view of the fact that the speech had been distributed by Central Office, this represented official Conservative policy.

He replied that the Central Office did not necessarily endorse the views of the makers of speeches but merely acted as a distributing agency for distributing copies on behalf of those candidates who wished this to be done.

Asked if the Conservative Central Office dissented from the views expressed by Mr. Maitland, the spokesman replied: "These sentiments certainly do not represent the views of the party."

United Nations, Oct. 2.
Ireland and Malaya, sponsors of a proposed plan on the situation in Tibet, tonight asked the steering committee to postpone its consideration of their proposal until next Friday.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Million Bonus Angela Hiram C Outsider—Wise Leader.	RACE 1 Million Bonus Wise Leader Hiram C Outsider—Ding Dong.
RACE 2 Not So Bad Miracle Twin Luck Outsider—Pot O'Gold.	RACE 2 Miracle Not So Bad Pot O'Gold Outsider—Twin Luck.
RACE 3 Good Fun Chiu Tze Loong Satellite Outsider—Wet Point.	RACE 3 Good Fun Wet Point Satellite Outsider—Wellington.
RACE 4 Viewpoint Sea Raider Encore Outsider—Welfare.	RACE 4 Sea Raider Tai Pin Shan Viewpoint Outsider—Sweet Home.
RACE 5 Good Scamper Glamour Girl George Porgie Outsider—American Carrot.	RACE 5 Glamour Girl Good Scamper Nego Boy Outsider—National Delight.
RACE 6 Cover Girl Nobel Prize Yu-Hua-Tsung Outsider—Dainty.	RACE 6 Yu-Hua-Tsung Cover Girl Sportsmanship Outsider—Dainty.
RACE 7 Hylamoon Strathvohr Beautiful Phoenix Outsider—As You Like It.	RACE 7 Strathvohr Beautiful Lie Hylamoon Outsider—Appreciation.
RACE 8 Night People Fascination Winsome Stag Outsider—Shiraz.	RACE 8 Night People Fascination Red Light Outsider—Winsome Stag.
RACE 9 Splendid Another Victory Lucky Chap Outsider—Ma Cherie.	RACE 9 Another Victory Splendid Sunstroke Outsider—Lucky Chap.
RACE 10 Affish King A Orange Beauty Outsider—Tornado.	RACE 10 Affish Orange Beauty Dragonfly Outsider—King A.

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS
Race 5 (Glamour Girl); Race 6 (Yu-Hua-Tsung).

TODAY'S BEST BET

CHINA MAIL TIPSTERS
"Rapier": Not So Bad
"Turf": Yu-Hua-Tsung
SCM POST TIPSTERS
"Winoo": Fascination
"Hilankara": Splendid
"Holspur": Yu-Hua-Tsung
"Martingale": Sea Raider

And a special attraction for the China Mail's Racing fans—Begin Jane Fortune on Page 16 Today.

MISSING TEST PILOT DRIFTS TO SHORE

Garlieston, Oct. 2.
Johnny Squier, 39-year-old pilot of the 1,000 mph plus P-1 Lightning fighter which crashed into the sea at supersonic speed off the Scottish coast yesterday walked ashore here today dragging a rubber dinghy behind him.

Squier, chief production test pilot of English Electric, makers of the Lightning, had been missing for 30 hours while a

full-scale air and sea search went on around and above him. For at least 12 hours he had been drifting in the bay near this small village (population 1,000) unnoticed by people on the shore before his dinghy finally bumped onto the rocks and he managed to scramble ashore.

He towed the dinghy out of the water and then walked half a mile to a nearby residential school where he fell exhausted into the arms of the supervisor, Miss Joynt, Donaldson.

"I'm the pilot of the plane which crashed yesterday," he gasped. "Will you please phone the police?"

Radars Track

He was put to bed and a doctor was called. The fighter was reported missing on a test flight from Warton, Lancashire.

The Lightning, the RAF's latest and fastest fighter, was being tracked by radar, just before mid-day yesterday, when the track it made on the screen disappeared.

English Electric said that Mr. Squier had used his election seat to escape from the fighter before it got into difficulties. At a hospital about 35 miles from here, Mr. Squier was stated to be "severely shocked," but otherwise he had suffered no ill-effects from his miraculous escape.—Reuter.

BRITISH SHIP REPAIRERS SEEK HK CUSTOMERS

By Bill Ravenscroft
London, Oct. 2.
A British firm of ship repairers which took over Malta's dockyard this year wants ships from Hongkong and Japan as customers in the Mediterranean.

The firm, C. H. Bailey of Cardiff, want to develop Malta's dockyard into a tanker base and a centre for big ships from the East.

The company chairman, Mr. John Bailey, has already left for a tour of the Far East which takes in Singapore, Hongkong, Japan and the Philippines.

He will spend six days in Hongkong and three weeks in Japan.

A spokesman for the company's London headquarters told me today "Mr. Bailey wants to make new friends. Japan has a great fleet of tankers and there are Mr. Jimmy Mullion's ships in Hongkong."

"One dock in Malta should be rebuilt in 18 months and other docks will be completed later for big ships."

"Malta's future depends on the development of her dockyards for big shipping."—London Express Service.

Opera Star Misses Her Flowers

London, Oct. 2.
Opera singer Maria Callas arrived in London by plane today and child airport officials for ignoring her. "Once upon a time," she said, "you used to send a car to greet me and flowers. Now, no more. What is the matter? Aren't I good enough for you?"

Turning to the journalists who were present at the airport, Miss Callas asked: "No questions please—no answers."

With that she disappeared on the arm of her manager, Mr. Golinsky.—AFP.

SPECIAL CHINA MAIL ELECTION COVERAGE

The China Mail will provide its readers with a special General Election service next Friday. Three editions—the existing two plus a special Late Final Extra—will be published during the day.

In addition, late results will be stop-pressed during the afternoon until counting ends on the first day in the United Kingdom.

The China Mail plans to give its readers the most up-to-the-moment coverage of this, the biggest event in British political history, in each edition.

Here are the three edition times:
• 12 noon—first edition
• 2.15 p.m.—second edition
• 3.15 p.m.—third edition

And from then on, the latest news as it arrives. By late afternoon half the total results should be known. Keep up to the moment with polling in the General Election by taking a China Mail next Friday, October 9.

BIG GOLD SEIZURE ON SHIP FROM HK

Singapore, Oct. 2.
A customs party tonight seized about MY70,000 worth of gold from the Norwegian freighter Halldor at a Singapore harbour wharf.

Officials suspected that there might be more contraband gold on board, and the vessel may be prevented from sailing tomorrow morning as scheduled.

The gold was found inside a coil of rope after a search tonight while the ship was docked alongside the wharf.

The Halldor, which arrived from Hongkong last Wednesday, had been kept under constant watch by undercover customs agents.

The gold seizure was one of several made in Singapore recently.—AFP.

TWO-HEADED BABY DIES


Niagara Falls, Oct. 2.
A two-headed baby girl, born here on Thursday, died today after having lived only 36 hours.

The infant, who seemed to a doctor at the clinic where she was born, had two stomachs and two spinal columns, in addition to her two heads.

The two parts of the infant girl died at 30-minute intervals.—AFP.

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Below is a list of the items shown in the refrigerator illustration:

- Turkey
- Ham
- Cake
- Vegetables
- Fruit
- Dairy products
- Meat
- Breads
- Snacks

'No Hope' For One Thackeray Twin

London, Oct. 2.
A bulletin issued tonight by St. Bartholomew's Hospital here on Timothy and Jeremy Thackeray, Siamese twins separated in March, said Timothy "has made steady headway" but there was "no hope" that Jeremy would "rejoin" to the enjoyment of "intelligence."

The bulletin said that Timothy had shown good progress for a child of 16 months and would be discharged for home probably before Christmas.

But Jeremy was "in the same poor condition that resulted from the insistent brain circulation unsatisfactorily left at the time of their separation."

There are so many things to see

- Such lovely things, both East and West: Won't you fly there with me?
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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

They're Now Doubting Wisdom Of S. Africa's 'Immorality Act'

Johannesburg, Oct. 2. Supporters of the Nationalist South African Government are beginning to have their doubts about the wisdom of this country's much-amended "Immorality Act," banning sexual intimacy between whites and non-whites.

The Government of Dr. H. F. Verwoerd regards legislation against miscegenation as a cornerstone of its "Apartheid" policy but some legal circles are

CONVICTIONS MOSTLY INVOLVED AFRIKANERS

By HENRY SCHOUF

condemning it as ineffectual and oppressive. A Nationalist Afrikaner newspaper recently published a survey of pro-Government public opinion headed "Discussion About Continuation of Immorality Act."

The survey quoted two Afrikaner lawyers who compared the Act with the failure of American prohibition. They also said it left the door wide open for blackmail. The survey, fronted in the Johannesburg evening newspaper "Die Vaderland," followed a report of sensational "immorality" cases involving a minister of the church, a rich farmer and a prison director. South Africans still remember that the late Prime Minister Johannes Strijdom's private secretary was convicted on "immorality" charges two years ago.

Abhorrence of racial mixing is a traditional feature of the moral code among white South Africans.

while the latest available figure showed a total of 600 convictions for 1957.

This was despite a new Immorality Act amendment passed that same year which increased the maximum penalty to seven years imprisonment and ten years strokes.

Critics of the government have consistently opposed "immorality" laws, as they have stated, as an invasion of individual privacy and a cruel restriction of the individual's basic freedom of choosing a life partner. They also point out that pinning "immorality" on intercourse between different races tends to condone illicit affairs within the same race.

Lately, however, the issue has also started to worry Government supporters. An Afrikaner Johannesburg lawyer, quoted by "Die Vaderland," said:

"Immoral behaviour between persons of different races is a

matter which should not be dealt with through legislation. Moral issues should be left to the community. I don't believe that the Immorality Act is an integral part of our policy of Apartheid."

He added that the Immorality Act made criminals out of people who did something "quite ordinary."

AFRIKANERS
Another Afrikaner lawyer (both refused to be quoted by name) said the Immorality Act caused families to be broken up while the Act also gave black-smilers "plenty of opportunities."

There is no doubt that this soul-searching among Government supporters has been prompted by the fact that the majority of those convicted for "immorality" in recent years had Afrikaner names.

A reader's letter published in the Nationalist Party organ "Die Transvaler" recently, posed the question whether Afrikaner men's tendencies towards promiscuity with black girls were not instilled in them by the black nurses whom many of them had in their childhood.

The letter-writer who signed herself "Mother" asked: "Could it be that the lion cubs are being reared by jackals?"—UPI.

Claims Secret To Big Treasure

London, Oct. 2. A village barber in Yorkshire claims knowledge of where three lots of treasure worth £85 million are buried in Mauritius.

Philip Pirally, born on Mauritius 47 years ago, has offered to sell the information after seeing on television members of a British treasure-seeking expedition which leaves for the island soon, Reynolds News reported.

The newspaper quotes him as saying: "My grandfather, who died when he was 107, told me about the treasure when I was a boy."

SECRET
"He was coachman to a rich French family and learned the secrets from them. I know the exact spots but it would take months of digging to reach the treasure."

"I have always dreamed of making enough to start a dig, but I'm still poor."

"I will either sell the expedition my information or go out with them and share the treasure. This is my big chance."

Pirally makes about £10 a week from his tiny shop at Brompton, North Yorkshire. — China Mail Special.

ANCIENT SEALS FOUND

Washington, Oct. 2. The bodies of 90 seals, one of which is believed to be more than 2,000 years old, have been found in a snow-swept valley of Antarctica.

The mummified carcasses were discovered between one to 30 miles inland in the ice-free areas of the McMurdo Sound Region of Antarctica, by three scientists who were studying the geological and glaciological conditions of the area.

Radio-carbon analysis of one carcass placed the age of the animal somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000 years old. The hides were probably originally light brown. Weathering over the centuries has turned them to an ashy or clay brown.

The scientists offered no positive explanation for why the animals wandered inland.—UPI.

Crack-Down On Racket In Duty-Free Goods

London, Oct. 2. A fast move by the British and American Governments has put a stop, at least temporarily, to a £1,000-a-week racket in duty-free goods at American air bases in Britain.

Up to last month a G.I. could draw as much of his pay as he liked in "scrip" which could be used to buy goods duty-free at any American canteen.

But the British Treasury complained that hundreds of G.I.s were selling their "scrip" to black-market dealers. London gangs made regular journeys to Suffolk and Norfolk to trade with G.I.s at the biggest American bases.

A number of trusted G.I.s acted as agents for the crooks, buying for them heavily taxed articles like whisky, cigarettes, cameras and watches. Then gangs all over Britain sold the duty-free goods at fat profits.

A camera which costs £100 in Britain—with a purchase tax and customs duty—could be bought with "scrip" from any P.X. canteen at an American base or leave centre for £35.



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EXPERT SAYS:

Hypnotised People Don't Behave Abnormally

By DELOS SMITH

New York, Oct. 2. On the authority of a professor of psychology, you (and everyone else) now and then behave just as though you were hypnotised, although you're not.

You have hallucinations. The way you act is more appropriate to your earliest years than your present age (and so you display "age regression.") Your mind is a blank as regards the past and you're even insensitive to pain.

Dr. William T. Heron, who is professor of psychology at the University of Minnesota, was arguing that the behaviour of hypnotised people is in no way abnormal but is, in fact, part and parcel of common behaviour.

"All of us under certain conditions will go into a mood of unreasonableness and exhibit a high receptivity to certain aspects of our environment, and eliminate other aspects," he said.

Heron was endeavouring to debunk the phony and the

half-baked among professional and amateur hypnotists who are kidding the public that the hypnotised state is not only abnormal but super-human. He is recognised in the scientific world as an authority.

RECEPTIVE

From the psychological viewpoint, the hypnotic state or "trance" is "an attitude or mood," he said in lecturing members of the American Academy of General Practice on its medical uses. "It is an uncritical and unanalytic mood. It is an attitude of high receptivity to the words of the hypnotist and consequently to his ideas."

"As the patient goes into the hypnotic trance he progressively becomes more and more concerned only with the words of the physician and with those aspects of his self and his surroundings to which the physician specifically directs his (the patient's) attention; (2) ready and willing to carry out the instructions of the physician, and (3) receptive to the belief

that what the physician says is literally true, or receptive to think as the physician wants him to think."

ACTION

But whether hypnotised or not, a human being who accepts an idea uncritically will act upon that idea if the idea calls for action, Heron continued.

However, the behaviour has to be within the capabilities of the person. People are incapable of behaving in ways of which they strongly disapprove. Hypnotism doesn't change that.

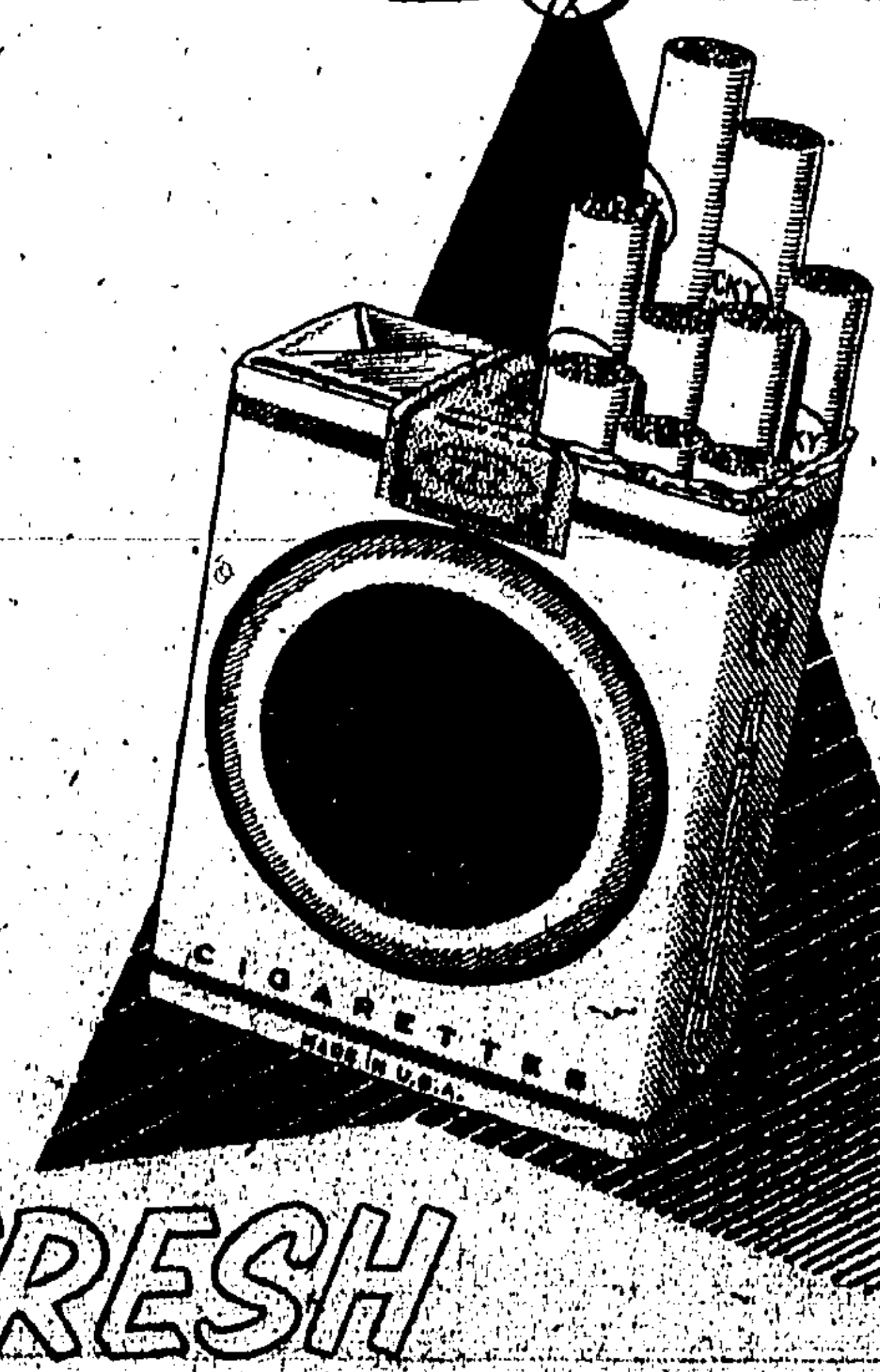
"We get action when we give ourselves a suggestion which is not countered by other suggestions and circumstances," he said. "In other words, we produce voluntary behaviour by auto-suggestion."

"I submit that hypnotism is nothing more or less than this same process, with the exception that the verbal stimulation is supplied, ordinarily by the hypnotist rather than by the subject himself.—UPI.



London—Just back from a 350-mile tour which cost them less than £2 a head are the Foster family of Cheshire—all ten of them, including 1-year-old twins. The picture shows how they did it. Father, a £10 a week postman, 37, and his wife Margaret, with 13-year-old Dennis and ten-year-old Christine, pedal a four-seater bike, with a sidecar holding twins Lynne and Julie. Close behind come Janet, 15, and David, 8, on a tandem, with "knee ranger" Susan, 12, riding solo. The tandem has another sidecar, holding three-year-old Shirley.—Express Photo.

BE HAPPY ~ GO LUCKY



FRESH
from the U.S.A.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Notting Hill burst into fame as the scene of Britain's first ever race riots; now it's attained a unique position in this month's General Election, with no less than five candidates in the list, among them two of the most colourful in the country. First to cash in on the race issue was Britain's pre-war Fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley (once a Labour MP), who now runs a Union movement with an electoral slogan "Send the blacks back." His nomination inspired another, independent, D. Nandanwar, an Indian who was injured in the race riots, to stand; but neither of them can really hope for many votes. Neither, probably, can Liberal Michael Hydeley; the main battle, a close one, is between sitting Labour member George Rogers, with a shaky 2,943 majority, and Tory Bob Bulbrook—who improbably is a trench inspector with the Gas board, and possessor of a fine Cockney accent. Picture shows Indian candidate D. Nandanwar.



LEFT: The tigress was—temporarily—tamed the other night—by the thunderous applause that greeted her concert appearance at London's Festival Hall. Eight times in all she came back to ever-louder bravos—the last time holding a pink rose thrown by an admirer—until at last she blew a kiss, called "I love you" and retired to the dressing room, her earlier denunciation of the concert as a "silly little engagement" apparently forgotten. Picture shows a kiss from Callas—blown to the Festival Hall audience.



ABOVE: James Swinburn, recently released from an Egyptian prison where he was serving a sentence for espionage, visits the wife and child of his friend and fellow prisoner, James Zerk. Zerk, who died at the same time as Swinburn, died ten years tortured of fire, the others hadn't served half his sentence at the time of the amnesty and failed to qualify for it.



ABOVE: Preparatory to the conference of the International Monetary Fund, the Commonwealth's Finance Ministers gathered in London the other day for a meeting of the Economic Consultative Council. Picture shows Chancellor Heathcoat Amory admiring the robes worn to the meeting by Nigeria's Mr F. Okotia Eboh.



ABOVE: Britain's best (and only) maker of boots for elephants is Wilfrid Hunter of Doncaster, who combines a flourishing human clientele with the business of cobbling for animals. "Making boots for animals," the cobbler says, "is more interesting than repairing people's shoes. You have to think a bit and use your imagination." He's used his imagination to make fashionable fur booties for Mayfair poodles, soft shoes for footsore dogs, and even a corrective boot for a lame duck. But currently he's working on his biggest ever order—a set of elephant boots (above) ordered by a "wealthy Indian gentleman" who wants them for ceremonial occasions.



ABOVE: At 40, Dame Margot Fonteyn is still Britain's greatest ballerina; but the day of retirement must be fast approaching. And of the youngsters following in her magical footsteps, a young 20-year-old from Kent is fast becoming the most probable aspirant to her title of Britain's prima ballerina assoluta. She is Antoinette Sibley, from Bromley; she takes another step towards the top when she dances the lead in Swan Lake for the first time at Golder's Green, North London. And she has the inestimable advantage of having been specially coached for the part by the Royal Ballet's chief male dancer, Michael Somes, Fonteyn's long-time partner, who will dance with Antoinette. Picture shows Somes and Antoinette.



★ BELOW: Film star Yvonne Mitchell, here working on a scene for "Conspiracy of Hearts" the other day, had to rush from Pinewood Studios one night—to appear on the platform at a Liberal Party rally with her husband Derek Monsey, who is Liberal candidate for the Cities of London and Westminster.

ABOVE: The 5th International Watch and Jewellery Trade Fair has opened at the Albert Hall. In this picture, taken at a press preview of the Fair, can be seen a cameo watch worn on the forehead of Miss Yvonne Buckingham, a young starlet.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



• BY THE WAY •

by Beachcomber

"OUR world can look after itself," said a spokesman of the Foreign Office. "What we shall have to decide is who owns the moon and what it is proposed to do with it."

According to international law any claim to ownership must be supported by proof that the claimant is in control of the moon. Therefore common sense would suggest that, before various countries plant their flags and start to fight, United Nations observers should be among the first to be shot to the moon, so that the quarrels that time anybody who has landed will probably be bored to death, and ready to come home.

In passing

ONCE more a scientist has fallen into a panic over the rising birth-rate and has, with obviously unconscious humor,

spoken of parents with large families as "irresponsible." It is true that compulsory birth-prevention might result in fewer scientists, but even that delightful prospect does not justify birth-prevention, whether by misguided individuals or by a decree of the politicians.

Prestige

IT looks as though no itinerant statesman or peripatetic diplomat will dare to show his face at an international conference in future, unless his country can boast of at least one successful shot at a planet. The careers of his triumphant colleagues will seem to be saying: "Call yourself a Big Power! Fought You can't even land on Mercury! And you aren't rich enough to equip a single Lunatik for a journey to the moon."

In passing

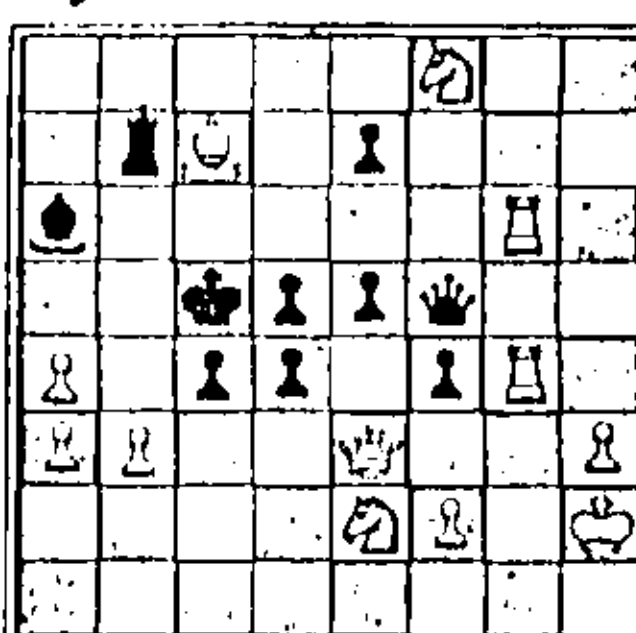
ALL my sympathy is with the man who, being unable to play any musical instrument, balances a bottle of horseradish sauce on the bridge of his nose, and holds out his cap for alms. He realised that to attract attention today it is essential to do something odd. This balancing trick could not harm anyone, and there are more respectable ways of earning a drink or a meal, are there not, Sir George?

The land-plane

THE crossing of the Channel by a caravan floating on oil-drums, with an outboard motor, marks one more step in the direction of something or other. An attempt to sail a full-sized lorry by road from Winchester to Devonport ended in failure. The lorry got caught in a 23-mile traffic jam and capsized in a strong gust. By Sir William (Wilton God) Proctor of Utrecht is said to have on the stocks at Waddington Park a jet-plane which can be towed across country by a traction-engine. Scaptles call it the no-purpose plane.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN

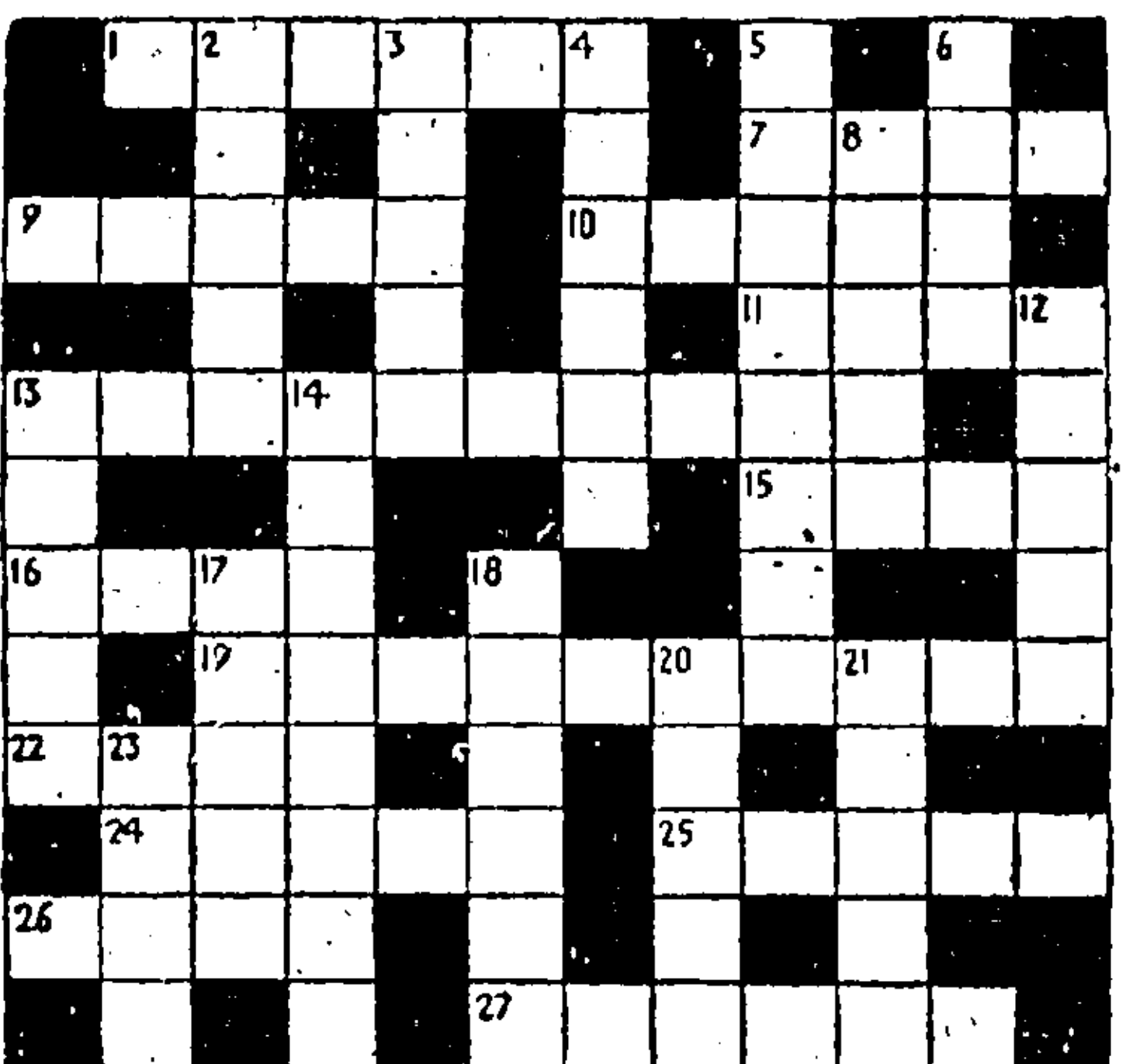


Here is a problem specially contributed by W. H. A. Whitworth (Rendham, 8 Mundnam). White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution No. 5693: 1... Rf1—K7 ch; 2 R—R1, R—B8 ch; 3 B×R, Q×P ch; 4 B—Kt2, Q—Kt8 ch. Resists.

(London Express Service.)

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Car part (6)
- 7 Stone for a ring, clum (4)
- 9 Yes, this is the answer! (5)
- 10 All take part in the recovery (5)
- 11 Don't you believe them! (4)
- 13 Cobler's final opportunity? (4, 6)
- 15 Wine from Castile (4)
- 16 Prejudice familiar to bowls players (4)
- 19 Well strung out (10)
- 22 Opera excerpt (4)
- 24 Attacked by pests (5)
- 25 Jump over the cellar (5)
- 26 Floor covering (4)
- 27 Van-drivers at Covent Garden? (6)

DOWN

- 2 Citrus fruits (5)
- 3 Pick-me-up (5)
- 4 Husband's name? (6)
- 5 It's a check on military presence (8)
- 6 Evelyn from Yale (4)
- 8 Works steadily (5)
- 12 Childish amusement (5)
- 13 N. African territory (5)
- 14 A willing sort of chit (8)
- 17 A kind of flu (5)
- 18 Acid description (6)
- 20 He makes a donation (5)
- 21 Accustom (5)
- 23 Just about in control (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Campus, 4 Weird, 7 Nurses, 8 Wisps, 10 Otto, 12 In-tense, 15 Irene, 16 Nets, 17 Roma, 19 Fence, 20 Slender, 21 Edge, 23 Ived, 24 Scream, 25 Frays, 26 (we are not) Amused. Down: 1 Con-tours, 2 Martime, 3 Uses, 5 Eminence, 6 He-pist, 8 Sneeze, 11 Crangery, 12 Infer, 13 Needles, 14 Ede-mud, 18 Oliver, 22 Scum.

Today DID IT HAPPEN? presents a strange story that was only too tragically true. And this time the real question is: What will happen NOW?

THE CURSE of THE COBRA

by JOHN LODER



THE 6ft. 3in. son of a General, John Loder is one of the few film stars to come to the screen by way of film and television. He has appeared in well over 100 films in London, Hollywood, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, and has made his stage debut in a hit play on Broadway in 1947, acted on the New York stage for seven years, and has now returned to make his home in Kensington. The incidents in the story happened while he was filming in India last year.

14 minutes she lay unconscious on the operating-table until the light was restored—in time, thank heaven, to save her life. Finally, however, the last shot was taken, the film was complete and safely in the Denham Laboratories, waiting to be cut, scored and put together.

A dispute

Nothing could go wrong now. But I know that Ashok Kumar would say that the spirit of the cobra was still with us, for at this last moment a dispute occurred between the Indian and European co-producers about the dubbing. Hence the delay.

The dispute is now being settled, and when it is I shall receive my summons to go to Denham and resume my work on the film. And I shall remember the little parting scene at Bombay Airport when my friends the Suren drove over from Andheri to see me off.

I returned to Sonya Suren a Brahmin ring carved out of heavy silver, and very old, that she had lent me to wear in the film. She refused to take it back. She said: "No, John, I want you to keep it. If you have anything more to do with that film of yours, wear it, and no harm will come to you."

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above. The answer is on P. 18. (London Express Service.)



He grabs a heavy brass candlestick and swings it at the snake.

A FEW weeks after you read this, I shall be going to Denham to dub a film—that is, to make the sound track of a film which has already been shot. Familiar as the whole routine of film-making is to me, I have never faced a task with such foreboding. I know it sounds fanciful in the light of an Autumn day in England. Nevertheless, I shall be wearing on my finger a 500-year-old Brahmin ring as a kind of charm to ward off—what?

I just don't know. And in case the mascot fails to work and something does happen to me, I want to get the story on the record first.

It all began on June 16, 1955, when I boarded an Air India Constellation at London Airport with a ticket to Bombay in my pocket.

I was thrilled and excited. I had signed a contract to act in the first CinemaScope full colour film to be made in India.

The studio scenes were to be filmed in Bombay, a tiger hunt in Mysore, and other scenes in Madras, Bangalore and Hyderabad. This was to be the first attempt by the Indian motion picture industry to get into the Western market.

Many of my scenes were with Ashok Kumar, one of the top stars in Hindi films. I grew very fond of him and at least twice a week would dine at his home on the top floor of a tall apartment building overlooking Bombay Harbour.

Blue velvet

After dinner Ashok and I would sit in comfortable chairs on the roof-garden, the city and the bay spread out below, beneath a sky of blue velvet with myriad stars glittering like diamonds. Ashok would talk of the Indian philosophy of life, of Indian beliefs, religions and superstitions. I envied him his calm, detached, fatalistic views and gradually all nervous tension left me, and I felt relaxed and happy.

One evening as he was driving me home to the Taj in his blue Rolls, he said, "John, you are not working tomorrow, but come out to the studio for lunch. We are shooting scenes with a cobra and it should be interesting."

Filmistan Studios are in Gora-gon, a village about 50 minutes' ride from Bombay, but as I was dining with friends who lived at Andheri, only a few miles away, I promised to come out.

The scene was being shot in a

big set, supposedly a suite in the Taj Mahal Hotel. Our leading lady, Surya Kumari, a very beautiful and talented young actress, a Tamil from Madras, had to be bitten by a cobra smuggled into her room in a basket of mangoes.

A snake charmer was on hand with four beautiful cobras in round wicker baskets. They had had their venom glands removed and their fangs clipped and were therefore harmless.

The camera was set up and one of the snakes put in the mango basket. The snake charmer squatted behind the camera with a saucer of milk in front of him and played on an Indian flute. Out came the snake. O.K. in one take.

The next scene was not so simple. The snake was to crawl into the wash basin in the semi-dark bathroom and Surya had to come in and put her hand on the tap. As she does this the snake which she does not see, strikes and bites her arm.

Poised

At this point Ashok was to come in and find Surya dead. He looks round and sees the cobra with its hood extended, poised to strike again. He grabs a heavy brass candlestick and swings it at the snake.

By this time the stage was sliding hot. The hundreds of arc lights needed for CinemaScope and colour had sent the thermometer soaring up to 140 degrees. This plus 90 per cent humidity!

Every time the cobra was in position with its hood extended and the cameras were ready, the heat was too much for it, and it curled up and went to sleep.

Finally, it was decided that the scene would have to be done with a dead cobra. The snake-charmer flatly refused to kill one of his trained snakes, which he explained were his sole means

of livelihood; however, he said that in a thicket, just behind the studio carpenter's shop, there was a nest of wild cobras, one of which he would catch.

This he proceeded to do by pouring water down the snake's burrow and holding a sack over the exit. In one minute flat a splendid cobra was inside. A tap on the head with a stick and all would catch.

Suddenly there was a crash of splintering glass and screams of agony. The heavy foot of the candlestick had come off and smashed into an arc light just above the camera. Pieces of red-hot glass were showered on one of the camera assistants, Sita Ram. He was badly burned and taken to hospital.

'In the can'

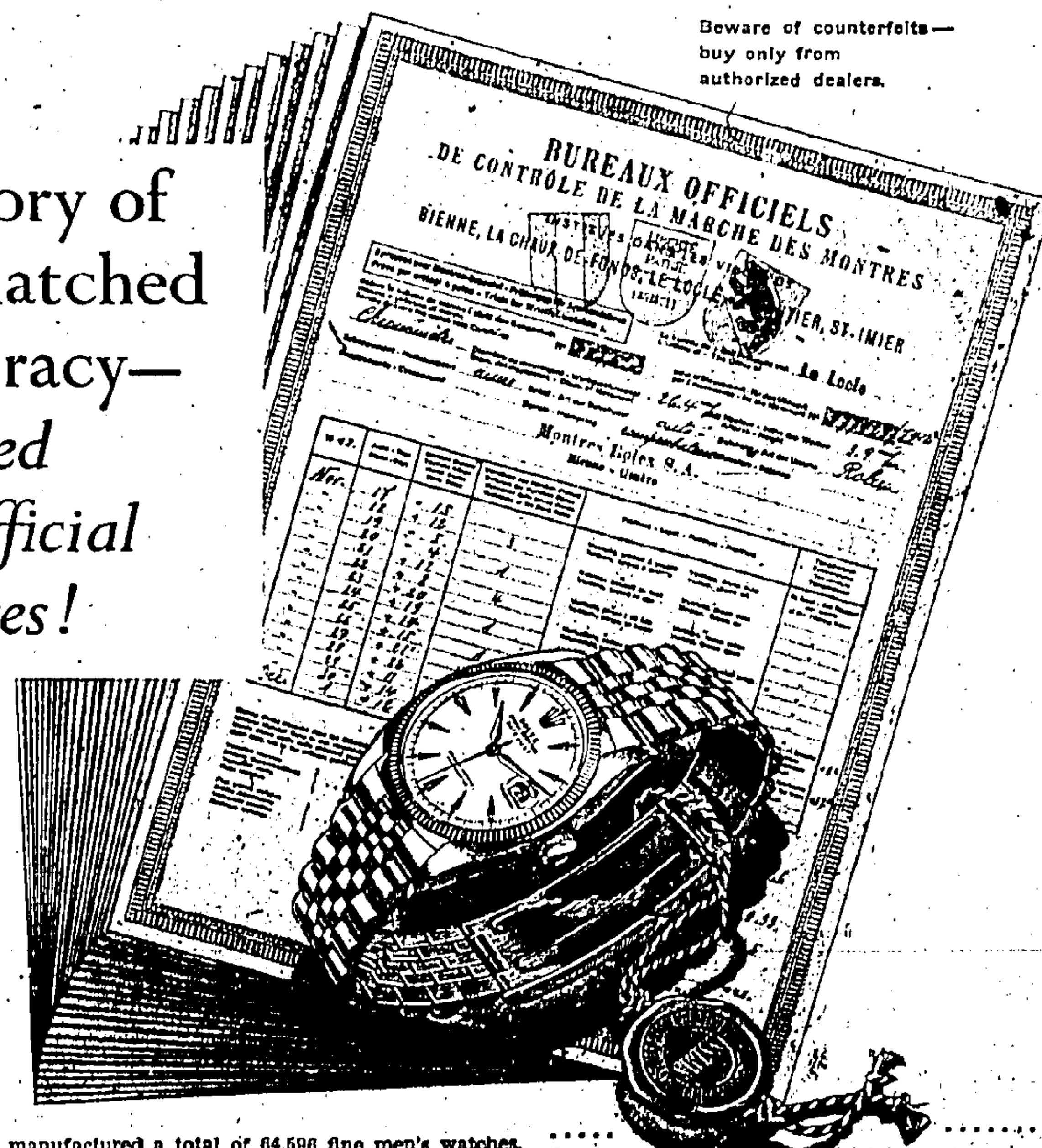
John Kotze, the operator, then started to unload the camera. In spite of the accident the scene was safely "in the can." Ashok had taken off his turban and was mopping the streaming sweat off his face when we heard Johnny's voice: "Come and look at this, chaps."

The film had jumped a sprocket and was tangled up like a plateful of spaghetti. Work was called off for the day. I drove over to my dinner party in Andheri, and over brandy and cigars told my hosts Ted and Sonya Suren of the afternoon's happenings at the studio. Somewhat to my surprise they took it quite seriously.

The following morning the scene was re-shot with a wooden candlestick substituted for the brass one. An hour later a cablegram was handed to the director of photography telling him that his father was gravely ill in London and asking to see him. He boarded the next plane and was just in time to see his father before he died.

An atmosphere of gloom enveloped the whole company. Actors and technicians alike, and the film was held up until a new director of photography arrived from London.

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This means that 54 per cent of all the men's watches made by Rolex in 1958

Won the coveted title of "Officially Certified Chronometer." All these Rolex chronometers passed the stringent tests, in five different positions, at extreme temperatures, during 16 days and nights.

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Rolex made 81 per cent of all ladies' Officially Certified Chronometers!

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Since 1927 Rolex have made 54% of all Officially Certified Chronometers

During the 32 years from 1927 to 1958, Rolex made 339,710 Swiss Officially Certified Chronometers. The rest of the entire watch industry produced 323,263. In other words, Rolex produced 54 per cent of all the Officially Certified Chronometers made during that time—that's well over half the total Rolex production!

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CONTINUING THE STORY OF EUROPE'S MOST HATED, MOST CONTROVERSIAL ROYAL FIGURE...

Liliane becomes a king's bride-in secret

THE marriage of King Leopold and Liliane Baels was probably the strangest royal wedding on record.

Cardinal van Roey, who years earlier had married Crown Prince Leopold and Princess Astrid in the Cathedral of Saint Gudule, in a ceremony of pomp and magnificence, received once more the vows of marriage and pronounced his benediction on the king but this time in complete secrecy, with the minimum number of witnesses. Liliane's mother was not present. She did not even know her daughter was marrying the king until after the ceremony was over.

The chief reason for keeping the marriage a secret was that in this way Leopold could marry Liliane without the knowledge of the Germans.

The ceremony took place on September 11, 1941 in the little chapel of the chateau of Laeken, a plain room where white walls are completely unadorned except for the Stations of the Cross.

The flowers were white roses, picked in the grounds of the chateau by Queen Elisabeth, the king's mother. The king was in civilian clothes, and after the ceremony Liliane, now the Princess de Bethy, clanked to a balcony suit.

There was a small luncheon. For a wedding feast it was more sober than jubilant.

The six people seated around the table shared a wondrous secret, but were a little bit alarmed by the magnitude of it.

Gay—and sad

Liliane's mood was most complicated. At times she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. She darted looks at Leopold and whenever her eyes fell on him her happiness appeared in them. She seemed, as a bride should, even younger than her youthful 24.

Her natural gaiety asserted itself from time to time; but then she would recall the responsibility she had assumed in marrying the king, and remember the circumstances in which they had been married, and for a moment she would become almost sad.

If the queen mother was the leading advocate of Leopold's marriage to Liliane, it was mainly because she wanted her son to have the moral support of a good wife. But there was also another reason: Leopold's children.

The king had three children by Queen Astrid, the eldest, still small and unquestionably needed more looking after than Leopold; preoccupied as he was, could give them.

At the time of Leopold's proposal to Liliane, the eldest, Josephine-Charlotte, was 13; Baudouin, heir to the throne, was 10; and Albert was seven. Liliane did not meet the two princes until the day of the marriage. Josephine-Charlotte, she had met shortly before, at a private film showing in Laeken.

Leopold was anxious from the first that they should call her "Maman." Liliane replied that she would rather the children did not receive instructions about this.

Conference

Within a few hours of the marriage, when they had just met Liliane for the first time, the children held a conference about her, and that evening they went in a deputation of three to see their father.

Josephine, by the fact that her little brother Baudouin was the heir-apparent, acted as spokesman.

"Papa," she said, "there is something we would like to ask you..."

"Yes?" the king encouraged her.

"Well, we were wondering what to call the princess... your wife, I mean. May we call her 'Elisabeth' who built the 'Bungelow' in the grounds of Laeken as a studio, turned it over to the newly-weds. It offered the young couple their only chance of seclusion."

The Germans, in their confusion at finding that the king had stayed behind in Belgium, had been able to think of nothing better than loading him up in his own palace at Laeken. They next had to decide who would be Leopold's "keeper."

The overseer was to be described "somewhat ironically" as the king's "kitchen-camp."

A number of German officers at once put themselves forward for this job. It seemed a nicely sheltered one, and besides they looked forward to an agreeable



ELDEST DAUGHTER of the Princess de Bethy is Marie-Christine. Among her other names is Astrid — that of Leopold's first wife.

period of hobnobbing with a commander of the German guard at Laeken. But since the Gestapo insisted on having its own men at important points, there was also an S.S. captain within the grounds, representing Himmler. His name was Bunting. He was a former policeman, a man with no education, but considering what he was, not fundamentally bad-hearted.

Kiewitz, a more sensitive man, attempted to make his presence as little onerous to the king as possible. He kept out of sight when he did not have something to communicate, and indeed he saw Leopold most often when the king had sent for him to hand him a protest of one kind or another.

For the king's official duties were now very largely reduced to that. Some of his protests were on general subjects, such as against the restricted rations of the Belgians; but much more often they were attempts to bring pressure to bear in individual cases.

And indeed Leopold's prestige did retain a certain influence over the Germans, in spite of the personal resentment which Hitler felt toward him for refusing proposals of collaboration.

The choice finally fell on Colonel Werner Kiewitz, who by training was a diplomat rather than a military man. Smooth-faced and rather handsome in spite of a snub-nose, he was more elegant than athletic — "homme du monde." He spoke excellent French.

Protests

With all his qualifications, however, Kiewitz did not get off to a very good start in this job. This is how he later described his first encounter with the king:

"King Leopold received me extremely stiffly, with a most forbidding expression."

"He looked as I was to see him look so often thereafter, at which times I said to myself: 'The king has slammed down the curtain again today.'"

"It was an impenetrable gaze that could stop you short at six yards. It did that to me. I saluted, and introduced myself. The king said to me in a frigid voice: 'Colonel, you are the ninth German aide-de-camp who has presented himself to me. Are you the last?'"

Kiewitz replied: "I can assure your majesty that I am the last." Which, in fact, was true.

Colonel Kiewitz represented the German Army and was

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PRINCESS IN PILLORY: Part 2

● Liliane Baels won the love of King Leopold — and the hatred of many of his subjects. Controversy rages round her role in the Belgian monarchy. Now, after 18 years, comes the truth about a romance that rocked a throne.

The author is a former diplomat accredited to the Belgian Court

more of this insolence! Tell him it he is still king it is because I have been patient! If Belgium has not been laid waste, it is because I have been patient! But I am losing my patience! I will have him imprisoned in Germany! Make him realise that we won't stand for this sort of thing! And don't listen to any excuses! Put him in his place, give him this letter, and accept no apologies!

Cold stare

Armed with these instructions, General Muller arrived at Laeken and asked to be received by the king. Leopold had him shown in.

"Majestat," Muller thundered, "the Führer wishes me to say..."

Leopold translated him with one of his coldest stares. "You have a letter for me?" he interrupted.

"Yes, Majestat! The Führer says..."

"I shall be able to see what the Führer says from his letter. Give it to me."

Muller, hypnotised by the king's air of authority, handed him the letter. As Leopold began to read it he rehearsed in his mind the phrases in which he would administer the ordered brow-beating.

This is what Leopold read:—

Majestat.

It would appear that the very considerable treatment which you have received has made you forget that you are in captivity. The assertions contained in your letter of December 17 are so monstrous that it is difficult to find words strong enough to correct them.

In referring to the obligatory work programme as a "criminal ordeal," and in speaking of "forced labour" and "deportations," you give the most alarming impression of the historic, universal duty to combat Bolshevism. Your incomprehension poses also a threat to your country.

You seem not to understand that the most elementary law of self-preservation requires Belgium to furnish, in the form of a working force as

large as possible, a modest contribution to the struggle for the destiny of Europe.

The tone of your letter constitutes, above all, a scurrilous insult to the Germans, who are working and struggling for the future of Europe. It is inconceivable that anyone could describe as "deportees" those who, in the interest of Belgium, are contributing by their labour to the accomplishment of the



PRINCESS ON A PILLION: Leopold and Liliane on holiday on the Tyrol. The motor bicycle was a birthday present to Leopold from his wife.

great European mission which has been conferred on the German people.

I expect, Majestat, that in future, you will carefully avoid similar unpardonable incidents, and that you will conduct yourself as befits your present situation.

If you act contrary to this expectation, I shall be obliged to change your residence to a place outside of Belgium."

Adolf Hitler.

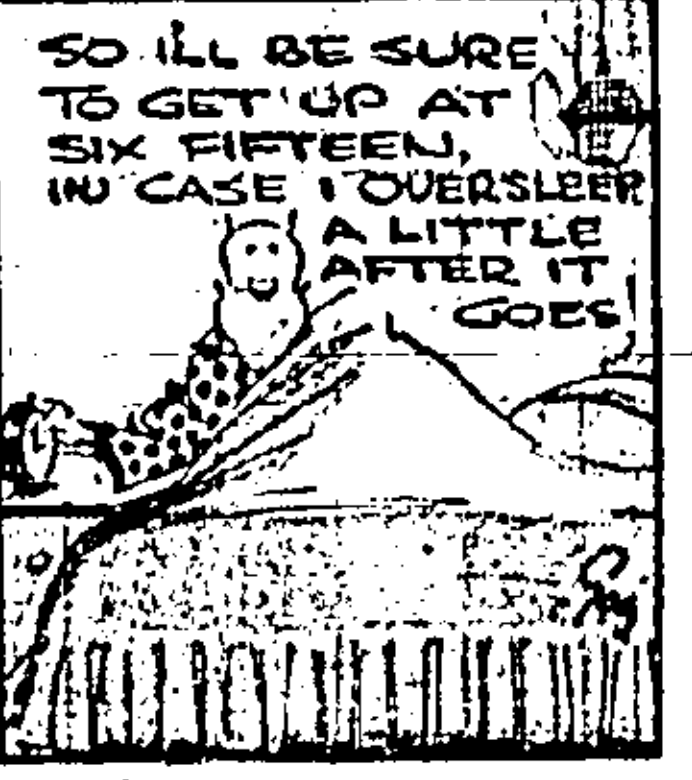
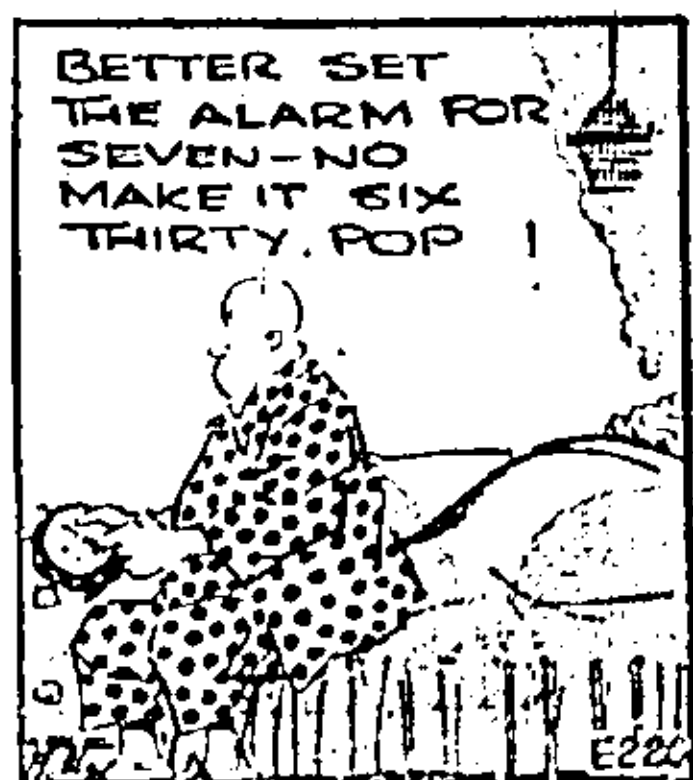
His reading finished, Leopold returned the letter to its envelope and handed it to Muller.

"Tell your Führer there is no answer," he said, and turned and left the room.

Muller stared dumbfounded at the retreating back of the king. A moment later a police servant stepped up to him and touched his arm.

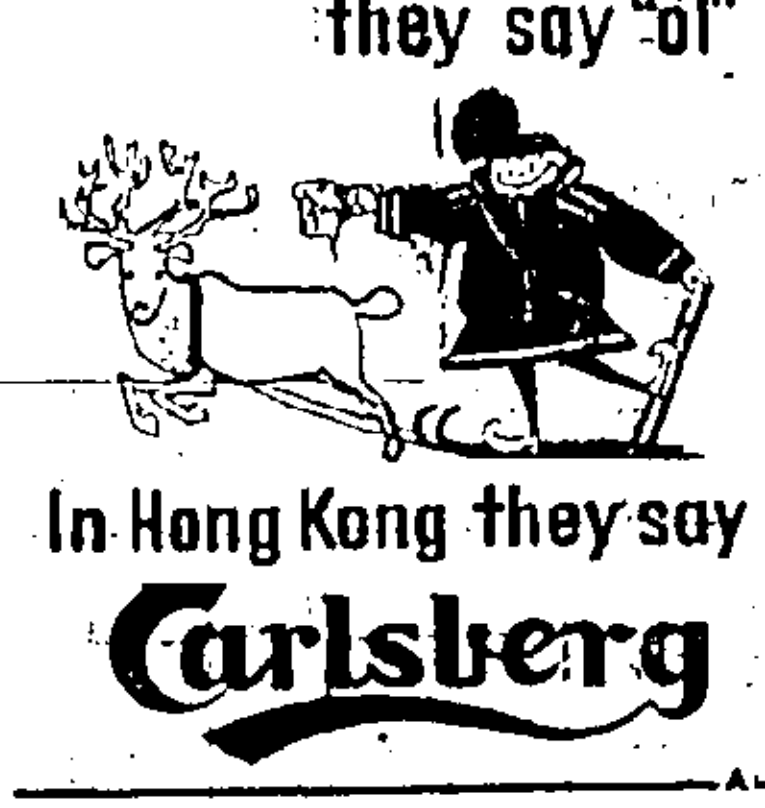
(Continued on Page 7)

POP—Getting Wound Up

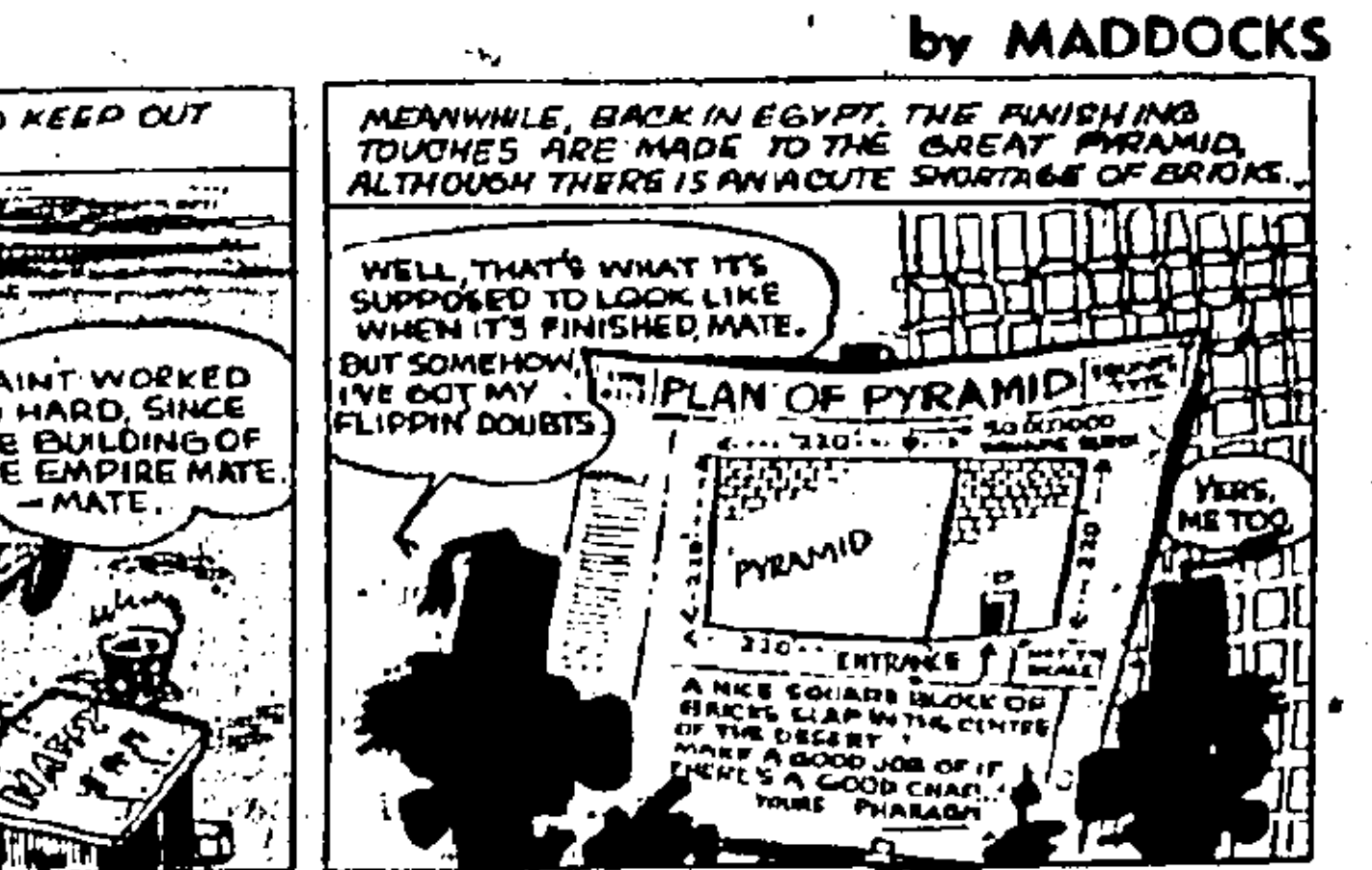


By Gog

In Scandinavia they say "oi"



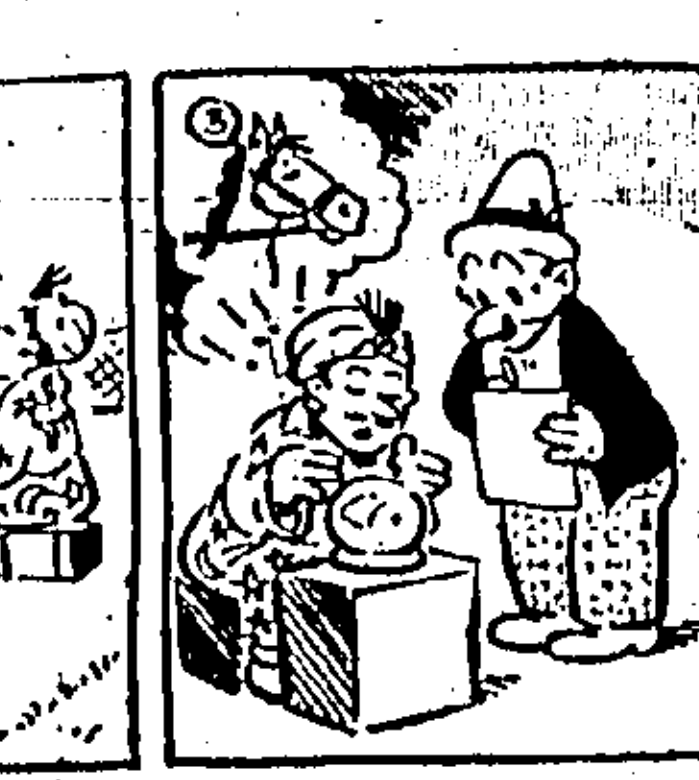
FOUR D. JONES . . .



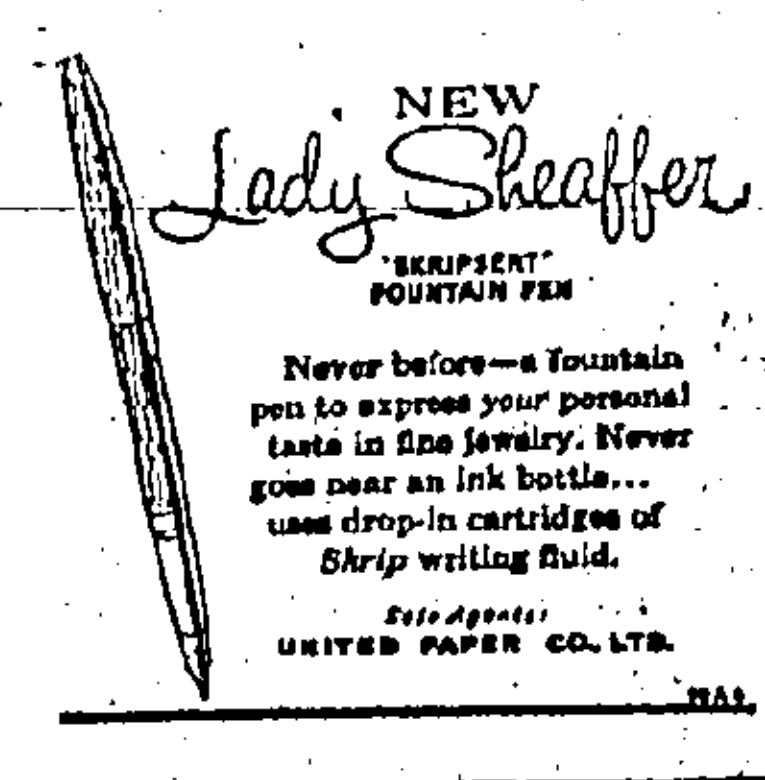
by MADDOCKS



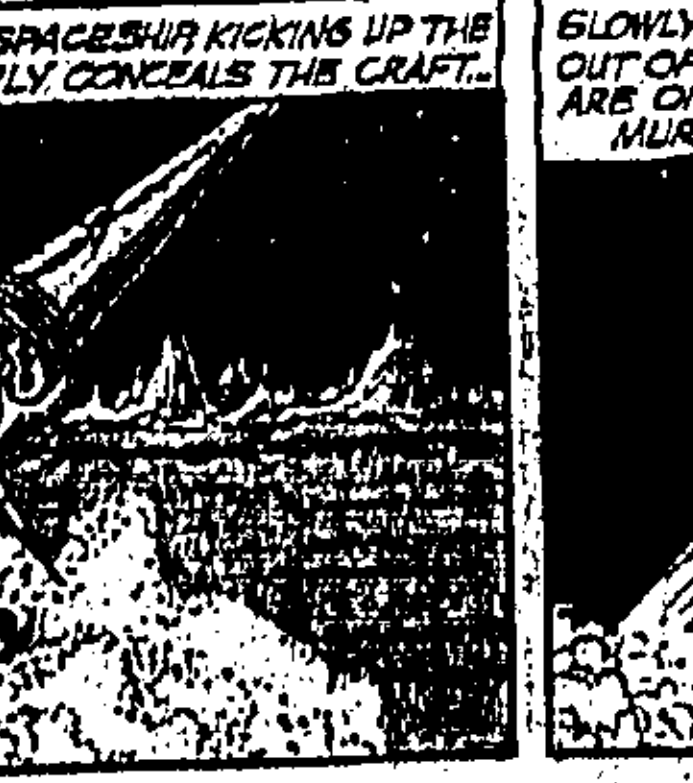
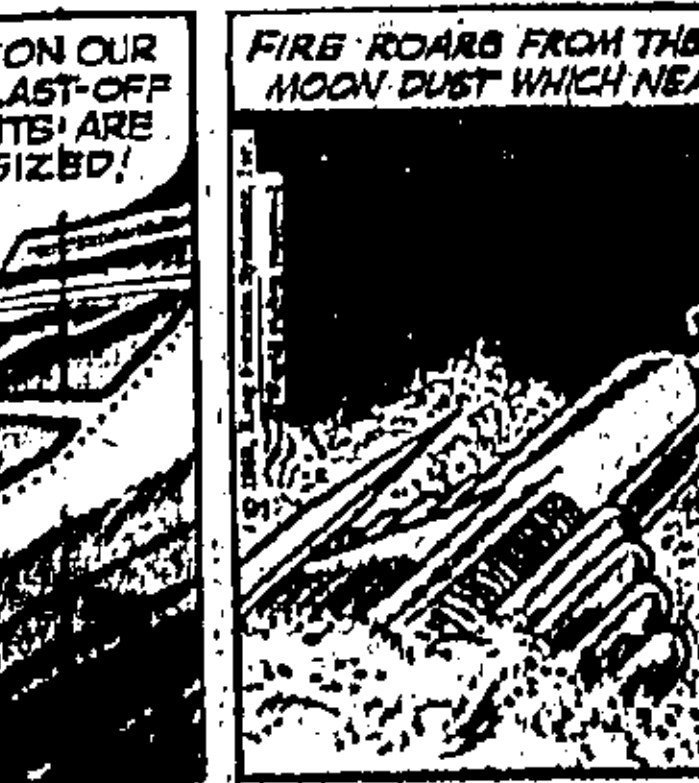
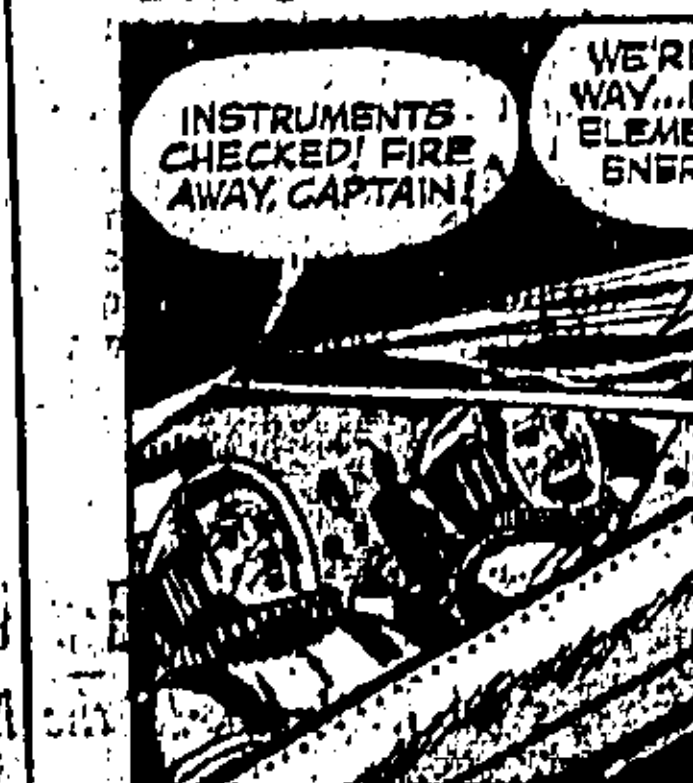
FERD'NAND



By Mik



BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris



TALKING POINTS

The impossibility of yesterday becomes a luxury today and a necessity tomorrow. —ANON.

There is a dummy streak in all of us and this is what TV is exploiting. —BEN HECHT.

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half the people are right more than half the time. —E. B. WHITE.

Positivist—one who builds dungeons in the air. —ANON.

Next to the dog, the wastepaper-basket is man's best friend. —ANON.

It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious. —OSCAR WILDE.

(London, Express Service).

Poets prefer



SWISSAIR THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

... THE WOMAN WHO BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO A MONARCH AT HIS NATION'S DARKEST HOUR

A farewell kiss as Gestapo men wait

(Continued from Page 6)

"This way, General," he said, with studied politeness.

Muller stamped out of the room on his way to report to Hitler how he had reprimanded the king.

One day not long after their marriage Leopold felt a pain in the side of his face, which soon developed into a serious medical—and later political—problem.

Operation

It was caused by an unusual malformation of the jaw, for which he had been treated before the war by a British specialist.

His Belgian doctors said it would have to be operated on as soon as possible, and the only doctors on the Continent thought qualified to perform the operation were a French surgeon and one in Vienna.

The Germans suggested that Leopold go to Vienna, and let it be understood that this was the only admissible procedure if he wanted to have the operation performed at all.

Lillane accompanied the king to Vienna—as did the Gestapo, since this operation was considered to fall within the province of Heinrich Himmler rather than of the German Army.

During the three weeks that he was under surveillance after his operation, Leopold was unable to open his mouth and could take only liquid nourishment, through a straw.

Simple life

The treatment was successful, and when it was over the royal couple returned to Laeken.

But a few years later Lillane was to regret having gone along to be with her husband during his operation.

Leopold's opponents took up the cry that it had been a "honeymoon in Austria" under the German occupation.

Back in Laeken, Lillane and her husband resumed the existence of a quiet country family.



GENERAL VON FALKENHAUSEN

A protest from Leopold...

Life was largely centred about the wooden bungalow, about 30ft by 25ft in over-all dimensions, with an enclosed porch and a thatched roof. In the living room the most elaborate object was a sofa slip-covered in bright chintz. There was also a dining room, with a rustic table and a few chairs, a bathroom, and one bedroom.

The furnishings were simple. The family ate frugally, and exploited the resources of the chateau grounds so that food would not have to be brought in from the outside.

There was a small farm which supplied milk and eggs. The young princes, when they were in Laeken, fished the pond for carp and freshwater eels—so diligently that often they were able to take a basket or two to the Petites Soeurs des Pauvres (Little Sisters of the Poor) near by, for distribution in the neighbourhood.

Lillane's speciality was bringing in the hay. But she did not have to do it all by herself. In her characteristic gay manner, she told the children that hay-making was wonderful fun... and in a moment she had them all believing her. The work was done in record time.

FAMILY OCCASION FOR FIVE

They are off to the christening of Leopold's first grandchild. With Leopold are Prince Alexandre (son of Princess de Reilly) and Prince Albert (Queen Astrid's second son). Opposite: King Baudouin and his stepmother.

Argument

After the war there was much discussion about whether Leopold had served his country better by staying, than by going into exile.

His presence in the country did have certain advantages which other kings might consider if they are ever faced with such a choice.

By intervening with the German authorities, the king was in many cases able to dampen the harshness of the occupation and to save the lives of condemned prisoners.

And Leopold's presence made it difficult for the Germans to set up a puppet Government—of Belgians, that is—in the way they set up the Vichy Government in France.

This could only be done if they ousted him, which they were unwilling to do, since this would have aggravated their occupation problems.

When a few Belgian politicians, inclined to collaborate with the Germans, asked the king to form a Government under the occupation, Leopold simply answered: "I am a prisoner of war." That ended it.

Lillane's first child, Alexandre, was born 10 months after her marriage.

Shortly after the birth, the other children were brought in to see the new addition to the family.

"Maman," asked Josephine-Charlotte, "may I be his godmother?"

The little princess had her wish. When Prince Alexandre was baptised, Josephine-Charlotte was his godmother, and his grandfather, Henry Beels, was his godfather.

During the last year of Lillane's marriage to Leopold, the children spent a good deal of their time at the royal estate of Clermont, in the Ardennes, considered safer than the Brussels region because of the bombings.

They sometimes paid visits to Laeken, though the king was never allowed to go to Clermont.

to see them. By the time of Alexandre's birth, however, the war seemed to have left Brussels behind and they had been brought back to Laeken.

Lillane now had her newly acquired family all together, and began actively looking after them. In particular she began a programme of instruction in sports which they were all to go through.

Since the grounds of Laeken covered more than 450 acres, there was room for her to exercise them in swimming, riding, and golf.

Later on she would also teach them to drive a car. She also organised family amusements, to keep everyone occupied and happy.

Air raids

On Christmas Day, 1942, the children put on a little religious play, with Alexandre in the role of the Christ-child.

Later they performed a play written by one of Baudouin's professors called "The Return of Erasmus," in which Baudouin played the leading role. The king and Princess Lillane were the principal spectators and applauders. In this atmosphere the family could live almost normally, and could sometimes forget that just beyond the row of trees there were helmeted guards tramping up and down.

But as the months passed, the war again put its grip on Brussels.

Once more Allied bombers were appearing in the neighbourhood of Laeken. When the sirens sounded, the princess hurried the children down into the shelter of the chateau.

The king refused to come. He stood on the terrace watching the spectacle—the planes streaking the sky—with vapour trails, the exploding anti-aircraft shells, the bright points of the tracer bullets, and then, after the awesome crashing blast of the bombs, the flames and smoke rising somewhere beyond the palace grounds.

Colonel Kiewitz made one of his formal calls on the king to suggest that it might be better if the king were now to move to the Ardennes.

But Leopold refused to leave the capital, and Lillane had no

intention of leaving him there alone. They remained.

Then, at last, the Allied forces streamed across the Channel to the landing beaches of Normandy.

The Germans had made preparations far in advance to spirit the king away if there seemed any danger of an Allied advance towards Brussels. Their scheme went by the code name of "Operation Effe."

When the time to put it into effect arrived, the army, theoretically guarding the king, faded away into ineffectiveness. It was the Gestapo, under the personal direction of Heinrich Himmler, which took charge.

At eight-thirty in the evening of June 8, Kiewitz was obliged to inform the king that he would have to consider himself under arrest, and that he would be taken to Germany.

Leopold stated that he must protest formally against this measure, and demanded that General von Falkenhausen, German governor-general of Belgium and Northern France, should be informed at once of his objection.

"I request..."

At midnight, General von Falkenhausen arrived at the palace. By this time Leopold had put his greatest into writing, and handed it to Kiewitz, who passed it on to the commanding general. It read as follows:—

"I lodge the most categorical protest against this measure. I will never agree to leave Belgium of my own free will. If there were any foundation for the argument that safety demands this move, I desire to make it plain that I would see in that circumstance an imperative reason for staying in my country and sharing the dangers of my people. I request you to bring this protest most urgently to the attention of the Government of the Reich."

General von Falkenhausen read the protest, and then went in to see the king. He informed him that the orders concerning his transfer had come from superior authority, direct from German headquarters, and he could do nothing.

The king thereupon drafted a message to the Belgian people and handed it to the head of his office staff to be made public. This statement read:—

"The German authorities have decided upon my removal to Germany. I have protested energetically. I would have preferred to share your trials and your anxieties to the end."

"My thoughts do not leave you."

"Be courageous, confident, and above all united."

"God will continue to protect Belgium and will soon bring peace, harmony, and liberty."

"I have faith in the destiny of our country."

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Tablet from the Sky

By

ANDREW SLOAN

IN 1903 a red-lettered pamphlet written in Chinese appeared on Hongkong streets. It forecast a calamity for the years 1906 or 1907, in which 80-90 per cent of the population would die.

On September 18, 1906 a typhoon hit the Colony and nearly 9,000 junk people met a violent death. Another 1,000-odd people throughout the Colony were also killed.

Fortunately the oracle who made the prediction in the pamphlet was inaccurate. But when it was over it was remarked how philosophically the Chinese had taken their misfortunes. There was no sign of weeping or wailing. One ball seemed to have left their sorrows behind in order to be of material assistance both to themselves and others.

'Revelations'

But the Chinese were not the only people affected by this typhoon, for the Protestant community of Hongkong lost their leader, His Lordship the Bishop of Victoria, Bishop Hoare, who was lost at sea, while on his way to the New Territories.

But what of this red pamphlet? It was entitled, "Revelations from Heaven." As a sort of introductory paragraph, this was what the unknown prophet believed to have been a Buddhist monk, wrote: "In the 20th year of Kwongsi (1903) in the Cheung's family village, during a thunderstorm, there fell a tablet from the sky."

The tablet contained a prayer (reproduced in the pamphlet) and during the falling of this tablet a voice was heard to say: "Owing to the great wickedness of the land, 80 to 90 per cent of the people will have to suffer death."

The voice went on to say, the pamphlet claimed, that those who would die in the calamity would be those who despise orphans, terrify the weak, are unkind, cheat at weights and measures, are avaricious, slaughter cattle and who waste the five grains (rice, barley, wheat, etc.).

The voice also said, it was claimed, that a messenger had been sent to earth to record the names of all those who should be destroyed.

"Those who do not believe and those who ridicule these revelations, watch the years 1906 and 1907 when the

calamity will strike them down."

There was no sign of weeping or wailing. "Did the Chinese expect the big blow and its subsequent loss of life?"

But to break away from conjecture and look at the other side of the story.

In their reports, the South China Morning Post rather belittled the Observatory, whose forecast for September 18, the day the typhoon struck, read: "variable winds moderate with some thundery showers."

Hornet's Nest

In fact they stirred up quite a hornet's nest. Their correspondence columns for the next three weeks are dotted with attacks against the Observatory for not giving earlier warning of the typhoon, and still more letters from the Observatory director defending himself.

At 8 a.m. it began to drizzle. At 8.30 a.m. the barometer fell, and the signal that a typhoon was 300 miles away, went up at the Observatory.

About 15 minutes later the typhoon gun boomed its message over the Colony that a typhoon was imminent. At that time this was the only method they had of warning everybody of the storm.

Hardly had the echoes of the cannon shot died away, when cyclonic winds began to whip the sea into huge waves, and tear into the Colony.

Sitting in the Hongkong Club, well-sheltered against wind and rain, one correspondent watched the storm through the venetian slats.

"... the noise made by the elements as they swept in blinding fury from west to east, resembled as near as possible the deafening noise of a midnight express roaring through a tunnel."

"It was impossible to see much outside. It seemed as if the clouds had opened up and let the rain fall solid."

"If you were terrible, pathetic, yet grand—this

spectacle of elemental nature took; indifference alike to life and property."

Those were his feelings, but I wonder what the feelings of the unsuspecting office workers were, who had already crossed the harbour on their way to work. They had a wild morning sitting in their closed-up offices wondering what was happening to their homes.

Ships Sunk

"By noon the storm eased off, the gangs of workmen were quickly out on the streets clearing the debris of trees, mud, rocks, telephone lines and water. Of the 47 ships in harbour at the time, six were sunk, 21 driven ashore, and the rest damaged; some of them irreparably."

The Canadian Pacific Railway's ship, the pride and joy of their fleet, the 4,103-ton Monticello, was grounded on an even keel in the basin of the Kowloon Depot.

During the morning, with the first high winds, she had broken adrift, colliding with two French torpedo-boat destroyers, the Fronde and Francisque, and carried them along with her.

The Francisque received the same treatment as the Monticello, but the Fronde was not so lucky. The Fronde, just as she reached slightly south of the corner of the Kowloon Depot, was lifted on a huge wave and smashed into the depot wall.

Three of the ship's warrant officers and an able-seaman lost their lives in the crash and the Fronde was a total wreck, although some of her more valuable equipment was salvaged.

Buried

There were over 8,000 junks, irrespective of size, in the harbour. More than half of them were smashed to pieces or sunk. Even more received the same treatment in the typhoon shelters, where the deadly swells lifted them and smashed them into each other.

One man who went over to Kowloon just after the storm said he was walking along near

the wreckage of a pier, when he saw the small hands of a baby emerging from some cooing that a large number of people had been buried under the wreckage of the wharf, but they could not shift the heavy beams and twisted metal without equipment.

Two days later a second typhoon struck. Workmen engaged on clearing up the damage, downed tools and made for the nearest shelter as the wind began to rise. In no time this second storm was beating at the Colony's doors.

But so complete was the damage caused by the first, that the devastation caused by the second was little in comparison. Again more people died among the junk population and the final death toll was over the 11,000 mark, as far as could be ascertained from the old records.

There were two or three slightly amusing asides to this storm.

The first concerns Murray Pier. The pier had been cut in half by a junk which had sunk after collision. Only the section in the sea remained—standing in solitude like a somewhat dilapidated diving platform, surmounted overall by a twisted lamp-post.

Secondly, the Star Ferry had shortly before the storm, fitted their Hongkong pier with a beautiful new corrugated iron roof. But the storm crushed it into all shapes and part of it was flattened over the wharf like an old bonnet.

Then there was Blake Pier. Some two years earlier a competition had been held for a roof design for Blake Pier, the prize for the winning design being \$200. Work on replacing the old roof had been constantly postponed because of the expense.

But the typhoon was so it that the new roof went on, because it blew the old roof off and it was never seen again.

NEXT WEEK:

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VERONICA PAPWORTH

Presenting an autumn preview... what the latest trends from Rome, Paris and New York will mean to the women who set the fashion pace in Britain...

Now the GREYHOUND GIRL

THE fashionable female look for next season is now settled. The size, shape, and character of the bit of cheese in the Tender Trap is established. With the first faint sniff of an autumn breeze, the Greyhound Girl will be with us.

From Italy, where they are just catching on to the IN and OUT game, it is reported that cat girls, tiger girls, and gazelle girls are OUT.

"Greyhound girls" are coming in—FAST. From New York via Kenneth Batello—boss of the top flight Lilly Dache hairdressing salon and a man who numbers Marilyn Monroe and Mrs. William Paley among his clients—there is news of a longer, sleeker look about our hair.

Visiting London Mr Batello assured us — "the latest hair colour is beige."

From the Institut de Beauté in Paris a style of make-up called "maquillage gouache" (painting with opaque colours, according to my dictionary) is reported... from Dorothy Grey in London we have a "whitening cream" for a porcelain finish... and from practically every cosmetician in town there is a "whitening stick" to paint pale, translucent eyelids.

More supple

Already noted is the "long," "more supple" look in clothes.

So the picture builds up — pale skinned, beige-haired, white-lidded and elongated.

Greyhound fanciers may be forgiven if they see in this a pen portrait of the 8.30 winner at the White City!

I have been talking to John French — a man whose working days are spent entirely in the future. Currently, knee-deep in artificial snow, he is (photographically) celebrating Christmas.

He knows all about the "look."

"It's an extension of the Kay Kendall manner," he said. "Light, fine-boned and desperately nervous looking. More of a whippet than a greyhound perhaps."

"The leading model girls have it already."

"Pagan Grigg is the whippet to end all whippets! She epitomises that highly-bred and utterly un-self-conscious look. Joy Weston and Jennifer Howland too—they are drifting into it splendidly."

Enchanting...

"Their cheeks are hollow... they are more unaware... and those pale, almost astigmatic eyes! Enchanting!" Hannele Dehn is another. She's all fine bones and seething nostrils—unaware too, like Joy.

"And Yvonne Nightingale—the boneless, hypersensitive type at its best!"

"My dear, I know they've been 'cat girls' and 'gazelle girls' already. But they are capable of the most astonishing changes of face and body. Model girls are like quicksilver — contained but quite incredibly fluid."

"The special thing about them is that they never seem to feel the weight of their bodies on their feet."

"After years of studying them I'm convinced it's an attitude of mind — and potentially possible in every woman."

"Look—let's put it at its simplest."

"Suddenly, for example, the average woman remembers she's left her knitting at the top of the house. She trudges upstairs to get it."

"Now a model girl would fly upstairs as if she were going to meet her lover. You get what I mean?"

"Yes and no," said I, "because I haven't got any knitting. I can't even knit."



Enter The Lady With the Look—"long-nosed, pale-skinned, hypersensitive, and eager looking." Yvonne Nightingale with greyhound Treelap Ringdove Kirra. PICTURE BY JOHN ARMAHAN.

Helen Burke looks at the revolution in your larder

CANS—I WOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT THEM

WHEN we buy canned foods few of us ever think that we are supporting the great steel industry. The foods themselves, not their containers, are our main concern.

The fact, however, is that we who live in towns must acknowledge the debt we owe to the industry which has made it possible for us to place on our tables vegetables and fruits, pickled and canned in the shortest possible time and already cooked and very often fresher than those we might buy raw and cook ourselves.

I have vegetables particularly in mind. These days, when I go into my green-grocer's shop, I see a show of canned foods lining his walls which is far more exciting than the very often rather tired-looking "fresh" ones on display.

Sold Out

There are several canned vegetables which are out of stock.

ingly good. One of them is broad beans, always a "problem" in the pot. So popular are they that "dainty" greater average each year, they are likely to be sold out quickly as the season advances.

Carrots are another. For a great part of the year the "fresh" ones which are available are miles below the quality of those in cans.

Our canned home-grown fruits take a lot of beating. Cherries, gooseberries, plums, rhubarb and strawberries are staple everyday fruits, while canned Scottish raspberries and strawberries are super ones.

Our canners have gone into many main-dish foods, once only imported. One Scottish firm can grouse, partridges and pheasants which "go in a big way" not only in Britain but also in America.

A friend who has much to do with canned foods has carried out some interesting experiments with a new canned mood food and others, which she has turned into a successful business.

a sweet crust and made an excellent pudding. She has also used it for shepherd's pie and for sauce Bolognese for spaghetti. Canned veal-and-ham roll may seem mundane, but it is tasty and it does take time to prepare at home. It, with so many other ready-made dishes, gives busy folk an opportunity of varying their meals.

Quick Service

I would never dream of being without a can of button mushrooms, because, with it, I can transform many pedestrian dishes into something much beyond their ordinary selves.

There are two other canned foods which I would never be without—consomme (less than 2s.) and whole tiny beetroot (1s. 6d.). With them, at a moment's notice, I can serve a truly wonderful clear soup. I flavour the juice from the beetroot with onion (discarded later on), add it to the consomme, and it is the consomme, together with a dash of tarragon vinegar. The beetroot



themselves go into a salad or are served on their own.

For a clear tomato soup all I need do is strain a can of tomato juice through muslin and add it to the consomme.

Ambitious cooks who have neither the time, the knowledge nor the money to spend on such exotic soups as Lobster Bisque, Crab Bisque and Crayfish Bisque and Bouillabaisse can buy them in cans—as do many restaurant folk, these days, when, otherwise, the cost of the materials and staff wages make it impossible. Cupboard-lover, today, has superseded the "pot-luck" of the past. With a supply of cans on hand one can, at any time, provide a "whole meal" for a crowd—be it from a cupboard or the way through to a refrigerator.

WHICH COLOUR IS YOURS?

By Gloria Gordon

BULLS don't like red. Flies dislike blue. Bees have an aversion to black.

Which of these three statements is true? Answer, the last two.

It is a popular fallacy that bulls hate the sight of red—they are colour-blind. But flies do dislike blue, and bees don't like black a bit—although they are very responsive to white and brighter colours!

How about human beings? In olden days it was considered a protection against plague or illness; today we know it has a good reaction on metabolism! It stimulates, refreshes and is invigorating to the brain.

Which colour is YOURS? Colour is Important

When a ray of light is split up, it becomes a spectrum of rainbow colours. We are surrounded by light and colour; we cannot escape it. Whether we are planning interior decorating or buying a new dress—colour is important. Let's take the five main colours—green, red, purple, blue and yellow. Between these there are, of course, innumerable other shades, from pastels to the very dark hues. If you're wise you'll consider colour and its part in your life... and just see what it can do.

Green, the colour of meadows, hills, hedgerows and trees, is Nature's colour. The superstitious believe it is unlucky to wear green. If you are superstitious, the only cure is to wear it for one day—and see.

Nothing, probably, will upset your day, and you will find that you're wearing green more and more. Like Nature, green is soothing.

Danger And Excitement

Red is a strong, rich, full-blooded colour. It carries a suggestion of danger and excitement, and it is striking. Be careful of red—but don't avoid it. Try some splashes of it when you need cheering... perhaps a bright red lipstick matching a gay scarf for example.

Purple is fittingly synonymous with royalty. It is a deep, mysterious colour, and best kept for the woman with the grace of age, and the beauty of white hair. In its lighter shades—mauve, lilac—the colour can be worn by the young.

Blue promotes a harmony of body and mind. It makes women feel at ease, relaxed—and so do those whom she meets. It is a cool colour, the colour of sea and sky, and it soothes.

Yellow reflects more light than any other colour. Yellow and sunshine go hand in hand.



Keep your pet's eating and drinking utensils free of film by wiping them out regularly with a damp sponge sprinkled with dry baking soda. Rinse and dry.

Remove rust stains by soaking garments in lemon juice and salt or in oxalic acid solution of three tablespoons to one pint of warm water.

To remove coffee stains on cotton or linen, pour boiling water through the stain or soak in warm water. Wash, and treat remaining stains by bleaching. Sponge with cleaning fluid. If the coffee contained cream. For silk, wool, rayon, nylon or other synthetic fabrics, follow the procedure for cotton, but substitute a mild powdered bleach for the strong liquid type.

Dust is explosive and must not be put in an open fire or incinerator. Wrap up dust from vacuum cleaner or duster, and put it in a garbage can or label it and leave outside the incinerator.

Make an ice cream pie in a hurry by lining a refrigerator tray with Graham crackers or cookie crumbs. Freeze ice cream in tray. At serving time cut diagonally into pie-shaped wedges.

Sharpen the flavour of sandwiches with a little fresh onion juice and instant minced onion. And McDougall's is always perfectly fresh because it is packed in a tin to keep the flour safe from damp and insects.

Ask for McDougall's at your store and see for yourself what a difference it makes to your baking.

Stolen From The Men



MANNISH man's white shirt, worn without a collar. —(London Express Service).

Good cooking begins with M'Dougall's SELF-RAISING FLOUR



Packed in a tin to keep it safe and fresh

McDougall's is the most popular Self-Raising flour in the world, and no wonder! For with McDougall's, your cakes rise perfectly — your pastry is just right every time! And McDougall's is always

perfectly fresh because it is packed in a tin to keep the flour safe from damp and insects. Ask for McDougall's at your store and see for yourself what a difference it makes to your baking.

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ABOVE: Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas G. Pike, Chief of the Air Staff (Designate) of the RAF, arrived this week from Singapore for a short visit. Seen here (l-r) are Mrs A. C. Watkinson (the Air Marshal's daughter), Sir Thomas and Air Commodore and Mrs P. D. Holden.



LEFT: Mr. D. Benson (right) seen with Mr F. O. Lee and Mrs E. Morgestern after he had laid the cornerstone of the new Ebenezer Home and School for the Blind at Pokfulam Road last week.



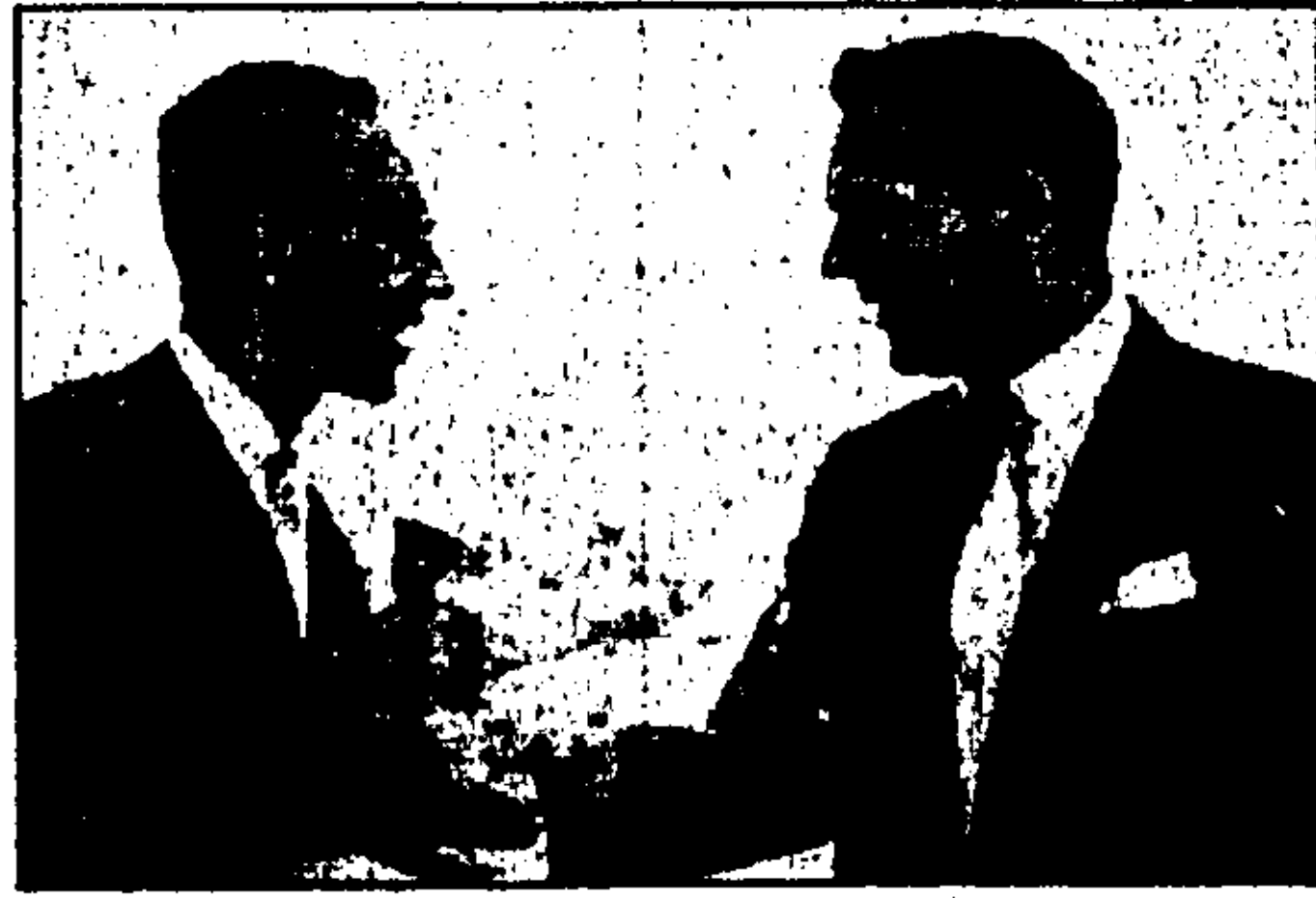
ABOVE: On the eve of his retirement, Mr. C. Willcox, Assistant Commissioner of Police, takes the salute during a passing out parade of 12 probationary Sub-Inspectors and 172 Auxiliary Police at Aberdeen last week.



RIGHT: Count Sergio de Robiano, acting Belgian Consul-General, was last week awarded the Golden Insignia of Merit by the Austrian Government for his services to Austria during the Brussels World Fair last year. Seen here (l-r) are Mrs B. Horn, Count Rubiano, Mr R. Porde and Countess Rubiano.



ABOVE: D. B. Sports & Company this week gave a cocktail party for Mr Erman Mitts and Mr Art Maloney, of Jantzen. Seen here are (l-r) Mr Mitts, Mrs S. Whiteaways, Miss L. Guttorres and Mr J. B. Kite.



ABOVE: Mr A. Di Ronzo, left, leader of a group of 50 Italian tourists to the Colony, is seen with Mr G. Hamilton-Dick, general manager of Hongkong Tours and Travel Service, Ltd.



ABOVE: The new Belgian Consul-General, Baron de Gaffier d'Hestroy, arrived recently to take up his new post. He is seen here being welcomed by Count Rubiano (right).



ABOVE: Mr P. C. M. Sedgwick, acting Secretary for Chinese Affairs, seen with Mr Yeung Wing-hon (left) arriving at the commemoration service observing the birthday of Confucius at Confucius Hall, Caroline Hill, this week.



ABOVE: Hongkong film star Jeannette Lin Tsui and her husband, Mr Chun Kim, cut their wedding cake during their wedding reception at the Peninsula Hotel last week. The couple left later in the week for a honeymoon in Europe.



ABOVE: Rev. G. M. Reichelt seen during the dedication ceremony of the K. L. Reichelt Memorial School, Li Cheng Uk Estate, this week.



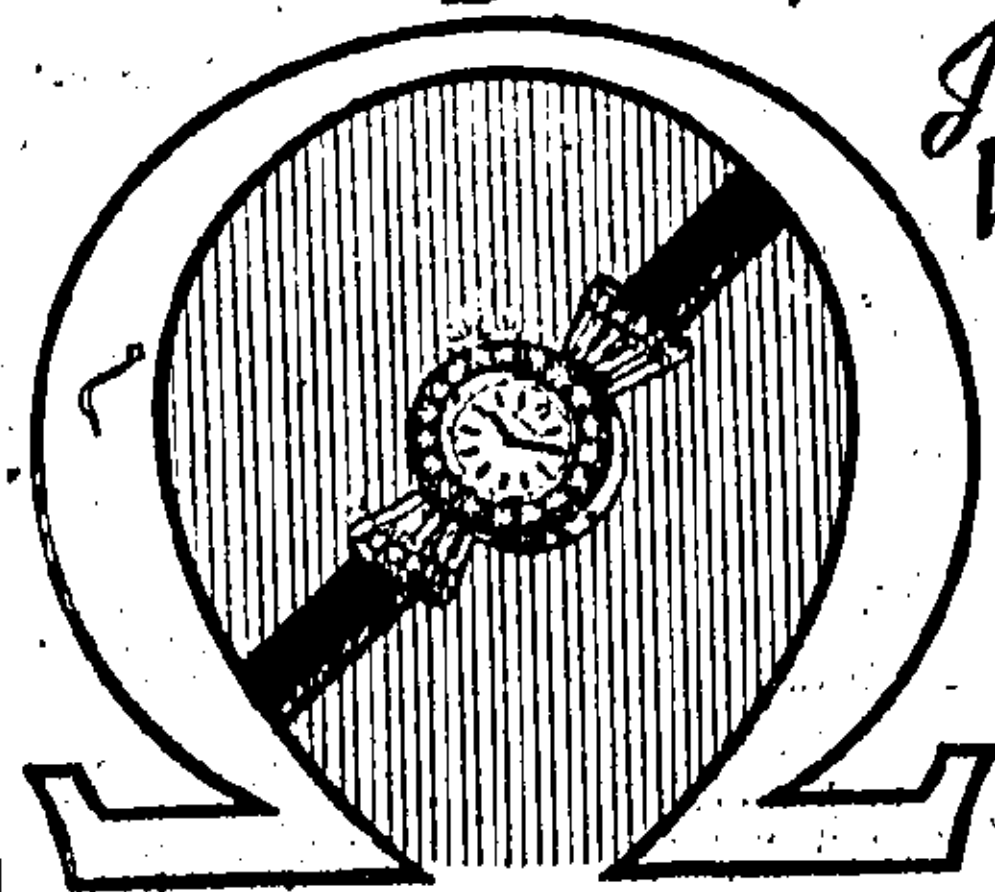
ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Bruce W. K. McEwan after their wedding at St John's Cathedral yesterday. The bride is the former Miss Patricia Balanzuela. Flanking them are Mr P. Harrison (left) and Mr J. R. Luke. The groom is on the editorial staff of the S. C. M. Post.



ABOVE: Mr J. R. D. Tata, chairman of Air-India International, passed through Hongkong recently en route to the IATA conference in Honolulu. He is seen here with Hongkong newsmen.

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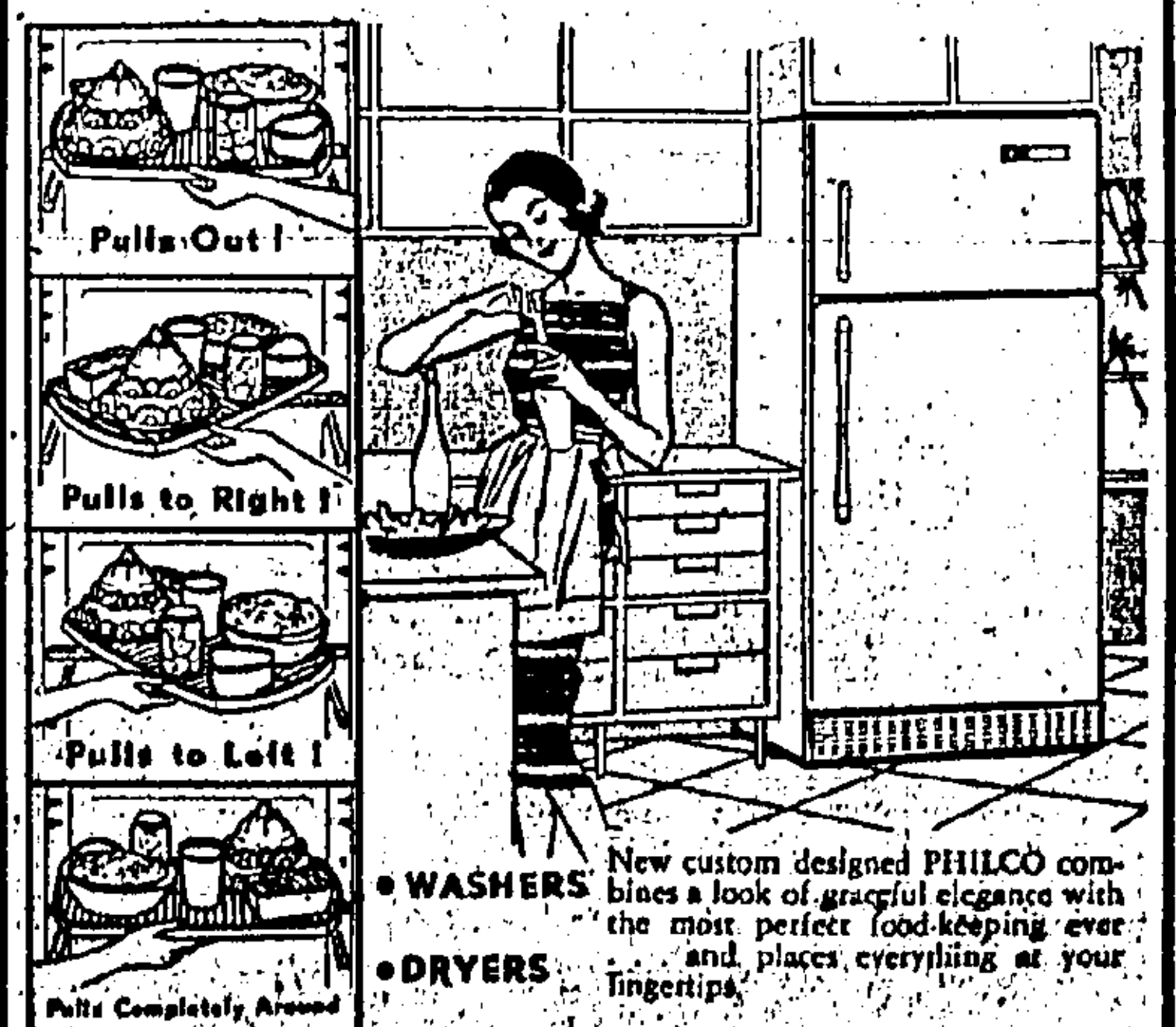
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LEFT: Mr D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, unveils a memorial plaque during the opening of the St Mary's Church, Causeway Bay, recently.

RIGHT: Mr. Lawrence Kadourie (right) presents an insecticide sprayer to a New Territories farmer. The sprayer was one of some three thousand presented recently. In general Mr. H. Kadourie.

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ABOVE: Mr G. R. B. Patterson, Senior Australian Trade Commissioner, gave a cocktail party recently for 10 Hongkong building contractors who will be attending the Melbourne convention of the Federation of Asian and West Pacific Contractors. Seen are (l-r) Mr Albert Yo, Mr Patterson, Mr and Mrs Paul Y. Tso.



ABOVE: Miss Corin Crozier, daughter of the Director of Education, presents a certificate to Miss Yeung Ching-wah at the prize-giving ceremony of a middle school operated by the Po' Kok Vocational School for Girls recently.



ABOVE: Pratty Jimmie Woo poses with Boac Public Relations Officer, Mr. Terence Cleaver (left), and Mr. Alfredo Nery, prior to leaving by air to represent the Corporation at an airline beauty contest in Beirut in connection with the Lebanese capital's Autumn Festival.



ABOVE: Seen at the Fung Clansmen's Association dinner in honour of Mr Fung Ping-fan (l-r): Mr T. H. Fung, Mr Fung Ping-fan and Mr H. C. Fung.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara K. Hughes (left) is met on arrival at Kai Tak Airport by Miss Madge Newcomb on Wednesday.

★ BELOW: Charles Jenkins, U.S. Olympic track star, being interviewed by newsmen at the Airport when he arrived recently to give a series of lectures and demonstrations on track and field events.



ABOVE: Officials and players of the Yawata soccer team of Japan pose for our photographer when they passed through Hongkong en route to a series of games in India and Malaya.



ABOVE: Over 300 people recently saw the birth of the Kowloon Lions Club. Seen at the inaugural meeting (l-r) are: Mr N. N. Pundole (Lions International of India), Mr G. Okubo (head of the Japanese Lions delegation), and Mr and Mrs B. R. Daver.



ABOVE: Executives of Pepsi-Cola Company arrived recently to study market possibilities here and in the Far East. Seen at Kai Tak Airport (l-r) are: Mr Herbert L. Barnett, Mr K. S. Lo, Mr Donald M. Kendall and Mr John V. Walsh.



ABOVE: Mrs J. Perks presents the Chief Justice's Cup after the annual swimming gala of the Hongkong Sea School which was held at Stanley last week. Receiving the trophy is Mr Lee Wah.



ABOVE: At the American Women's Association welcoming tea party for Mrs Julius C. Holmes, wife of the new U.S. Consul-General, held at Ho Tung Gardens recently (l-r): Mrs Fung Ping-fan, Mrs Roger Steinkolk, Mrs Holmes, Miss Elsie Jane Holmes and Mrs J. J. Chappell.

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ABOVE: The foundation stone of the new Kwong Wah Hospital nurses' quarters was laid by Mr P. C. M. Sedgwick, acting Secretary for Chinese Affairs, last week. He is seen arriving at the site with Mr Ernest C. Wong (left).



ABOVE: Dr Karl Scherzer (left), managing director of Messrs Otto Junker, G.M.B.H., Lammersdorf, seen on arrival at Kai Tak with Maj. A.N. Braude who met him.



ABOVE: October 1, the tenth anniversary of the People's Republic of China, passed without incident in Hong Kong. But security forces patrolled the streets as a precaution. Reported in a section of soldiers during the celebrations. Army internal security exercise held last week.

Tonight's Floorshows

COMMAND PERFORMERS
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

The Chipmunk Trial

—Knarf And Hanid Go To The Pixie Courthouse—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, had gone down to O'Cheer Hall where the Pixies lived. Just as they got there, they heard the sound of angry voices.

The saw several Pixies running around to the back of O'Cheer Hall.

Stopped A Pixie

Knarf and Hanid stopped a small Pixie as he tried to run past them.

"Would you mind telling us what is going on, Pixie McTinty?" Hanid asked.

She held the Pixie between her thumb and forefinger.

"They've just caught him! Haven't you heard?" asked Pixie McTinty.

"Caught him? Caught whom?" asked Hanid.

Caught A Thief

"Caught the one who's been taking our chestnuts!" said Pixie McTinty.

Hanid let the little Pixie go. "There he is!" he shouted back to Knarf and Hanid. "Pixie O'Cop has him handcuffed."

Rupert and the Outlaws—42



Rupert runs up to the Chief's wife breathlessly, only to be seized before he can explain anything.

"So my husband was right!" she cries. "You're a fraud! The dog you said was a tracker came back long ago by itself. Where have you been all this time? And



where is my little boy?" At that moment the dog drags itself away from the other woman and bounces towards him. "If only you'd let me explain," gasps Rupert. "This big puppy is a tracker. It did it's job beautifully and everything is going right now!"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



Pixie O'Cop was leading the handcuffed chipmunk.

Handcuffed Chipmunk

When Knarf and Hanid got around to the back of O'Cheer Hall, they found Pixie O'Cop holding a handcuffed chipmunk.

A large crowd of other Pixies were coming up from all sides. "Watch out!" Pixie O'Cop was saying. "Don't come too close! He's dangerous!"

The chipmunk looked very unhappy.

Going To Judge

"Come along!" Pixie O'Cop was saying to the chipmunk. "I'm taking you to the judge!"

"No harm will come to you if you are innocent. But you'll be punished if you're the one who's been taking our chestnuts."

The chipmunk was taken by Pixie O'Cop to the Pixie Courthouse.

This was a hollow stump with the Pixie flag flying from the top.

The Pixie flag was made up of dandelions and sunflower petals.

The judge was Pixie O'Right. The chipmunk stood right in front of him. All the other Pixies and Knarf and Hanid sat on moss-covered benches in the back of the courtroom.

"Did you take our chestnuts or did you not?" Judge Pixie O'Right asked the chipmunk.

Took His Chestnuts

"I took some chestnuts," the chipmunk admitted. "But I didn't take the Pixies' chestnuts. I only took my chestnuts."

"What do you mean by that?" Judge Pixie O'Right asked in a puzzled voice. "They were all our chestnuts down in the store-room under O'Cheer Hall."

"Yes," shouted all the Pixies around Knarf and Hanid. "They were all our chestnuts!"

"On no," said the chipmunk. "I buried my chestnuts in that store-room, too. I didn't know it belonged to the Pixies."

Freed Him

Judge Pixie O'Right smiled. "Ah, then you didn't take our chestnuts at all. You just took those that belonged to you."

"He's innocent!" He's innocent!" shouted Knarf and Hanid.

All the Pixies in the courtroom were happy that the chipmunk was not guilty. They took off his handcuffs.

And just to show how glad they were, Pixie O'Cop and Judge Pixie O'Right both opened the door to the store-room and gave the chipmunk permission to help himself to as many chestnuts as he could put in his mouth.

Anne Scott-James

The girl who gets all my marks for charm

Fashion's latest



WHENEVER an article on royalty is scheduled to be written I always say: "Please, not me." I have never met any of the Royal Family personally, or made any special study of royal life and royal history. So that any words I wrote would sound phoney, corny, or sycophantic.

But this week I actually wanted to write about Princess Alexandra.

Because this girl's looks and behaviour are so attractive that you can tell she's a good 'un without any inside knowledge.

I like the way she smiles. It is frank and sweet. The eyes, as well as the mouth, crease up with laughter. She looks as though she were not just grinning and bearing it but really enjoying the human comedy.

I like the way she was brought up — not quite like you or me, but still with a reasonably earthy touch.

Instead of having a governess, she went to school. She lives in

a country house, not a palace. She has nursed in a hospital, she has sometimes been short of money, she has had her belongings pinched when she left them in an empty car.

She goes shopping on her own, she sometimes buys clothes "wholesale," she is quite happy to be fitted in a corner of the designer's office.

Some of her dresses cost as little as £5. A suit or coat may be only £12 12s.

I like the pictures of her. The one in Lima, hand in hand with a dusky little Peruvian child. The ones looking stately but never sulky in ceremonial dress.

And I like her beautiful taste. She understands simplicity — such as a silk suit instead of a stuffy dress.

She knows about hats — a big one with a simple dress, a little pillbox with a print. And what a nerve, and how right, to wear a velvet hat with evening dress.

She is good with shoes. Pinched and pointed, no peepholes, no white shoes, and no bows.

She is positively splendid in evening dress, her décolletage

simple to show her fine shoulders, her hair swept up to show her fine jewels.

This tall, big girl, who might so easily have been gauche and clumsy, gets all my marks for charm.



Women ARE safer drivers



I HAVE no idea at all whether Lady Attlee was at fault or quite blameless in her car accident. But it has let loose a flood of the usual arrogant men's comments on women drivers.

I firmly believe that women are better drivers than men. Just take myself. I am convinced that I am a dream of a driver. Fast but steady, nervous but considerate, a policeman's paragon.

To prove my point I asked racing driver Tony Brooks to let me drive him round London for an hour and be my critic.

Tony, who is now lying third for the world championship, is a great character and a courageous passenger, but he tore my driving to strips.

"Are you feeling pale and shaken?" I said when we landed back at my door, expecting the answer No.

"I was only badly scared once," he said. "But I have a fine batch of criticisms."

"One: You are rough on the clutch."

"Two: You are over-cautious at cross-roads and roundabouts. If you stop unnecessarily, it can be baffling for the man behind."

"Three: On the by-pass, you use the fast lane all the time. You should pass and move back to the middle lane."

"But I have a fast car," I said crossly.

"Never mind. The man behind may have a Bentley."

"Four: You should use the horn more — you haven't used it once. I hate the horn for blinding and blasting people off the road."

"But I think the waiting lot, particularly to cyclists and children, is essential for safety. And also as a warning that you are going to overtake."

"Five: You have a good traffic sense, but, positioning at lights, you tend to back a loser, and get stuck behind a man who is going to turn to the right."

"I always line up at cross-road traffic lights in the left lane."

"Six: I had my one bad quirk when a van was driving towards us with the indicator showing that he was going to turn across us. You drove straight on without braking. He was a correct driver, he stopped, and all was well."

"But you should have assumed he was a maniac who was going to drive straight across your path."

In spite of this collapse of my driving pride, Tony Brooks agreed with my real contention, that women are politer than men and therefore safer.

"A man wants to be the only pebble on the road."



Success story

I AM always cheered up by success stories, particularly when something genuinely artistic or intellectual turns out to be a popular winner.

It is nice when a man invents a patent plastic soap container and makes a fortune.

But it is nicer when someone works on a true labour of love, and finds that other people like it, and will pay for it, too.

I have been thinking to Georgina Mason, over for a few days from her home in Rome, who brought out a book in June called *ITALIAN VILLAS AND PALACES*.

It is a huge, finely printed book of magnificent architectural photographs, priced 24 is.

Georgina Mason travelled to every corner of Italy to collect them, and took them with two ancient, second-hand cameras, one 25 and the other 35 years old. She dragged them around in trains and buses, because she couldn't afford a car, and with this antique equipment she photographed some of the loveliest homes in the world.

I would have said that book might have netted her £250.

She has already made £2,000, orders for 12,000 copies have gone out to Germany alone, and publishers all over the world are asking her "What next?"

"I am working on three other books of photographs already," she said, "but now I'm doing it in luxury, in a new baby car."

I think she deserves it.

*Published by Thames and Hudson.

STILL the fashion news pours in, and the liveliness spreads to accessories. These can be gorgeous, glamorous, or cute, just anything but dull.

HATS are beguiling, with two shapes topping the others. There are tiny hats bound on with chiffon scarves, which are a dream for the winds and rains of winter—you can look like Mariene Dietrich even in an open car in a gale. And there are enough hats of rich black fox to fill a zoo.

HAIR-DO'S climb high. Hair is swept up neatly for day, but piled into a big, high coiffure for evening, sometimes plumed with an ornament, and faintly Japanese.

JEWELS are massive. Your multi-ropes of thick beads are still good, but you must shorten and tighten them till they nearly choke you.



Robb

THE SHOE NEWS is boots, for both inside and outside the house. Little joker boots of leather, fur or felt will trot about on the smartest feet.

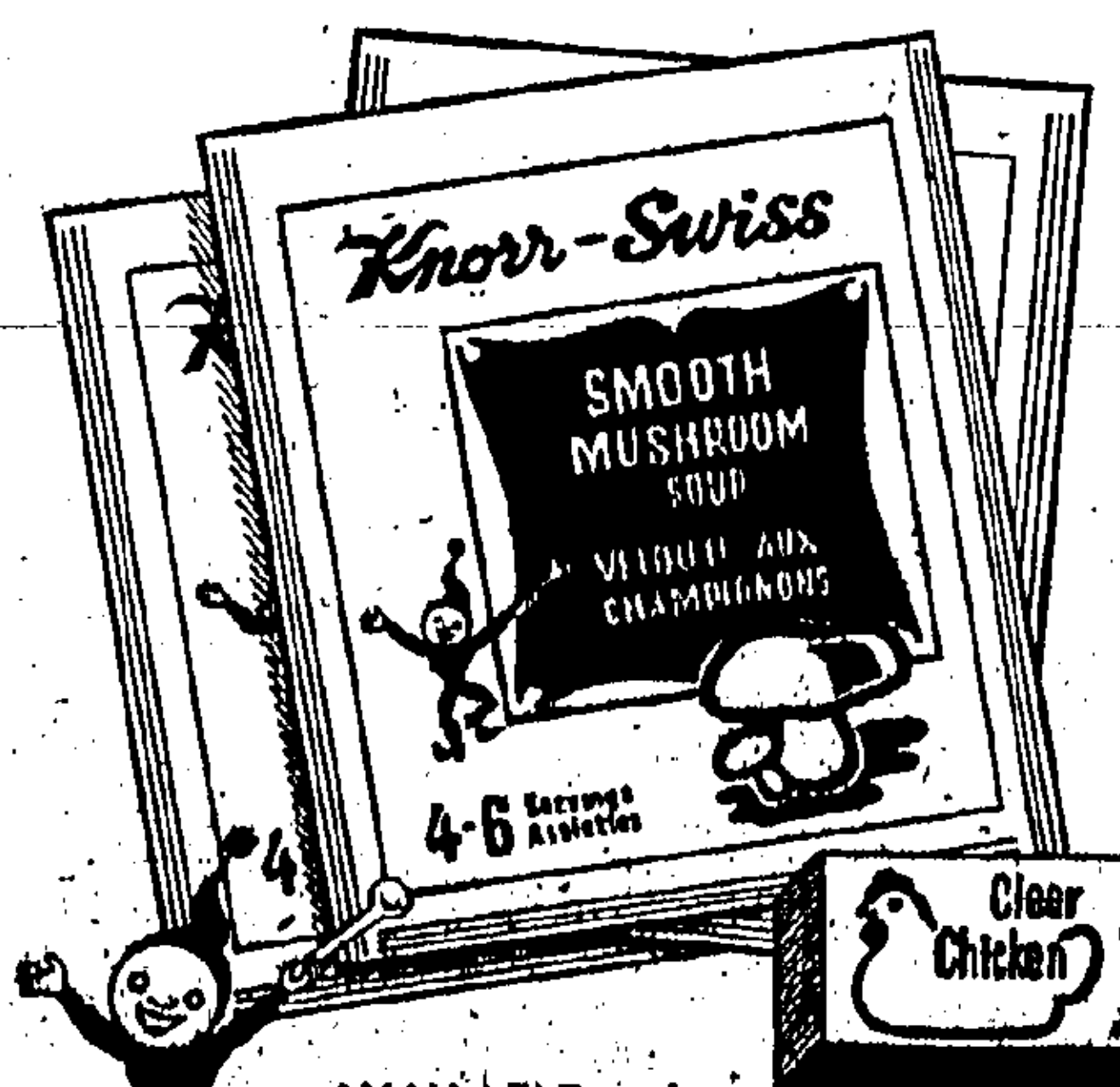
BELTS are very wide, very tight, very shiny. Skinny belts won't do for a minute.

In my pictures: pink leather boots by Deleis; and Otto Lucas's new, romantic hat.

Just arrived!

The new season's Knorr-Swiss soups with the home-made taste in the flavour preserving sachets.

AND AT THE REDUCED PRICE OF \$1.00



SOUPS IN NINE VARIETIES...

- SMOOTH MUSHROOM SOUP
- HAM FLAVOURED GREEN PEA SOUP
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- POTAGE OXTAIL SOUP
- FLORIDA SPRING VEGETABLE SOUP
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4-6 Servings

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It's factory fresh, it's delicious... it's Knorr-Swiss

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SHE'S AT THE TOP



PICTURE BY WILLIAM LOVELACE

A woman who would take your eye in a room full of starlets

THIS is Tilly Loach, once one of the most famous dancers in the world, and I'm not going to tell you how old she is, because she is still so attractive that it doesn't matter.

"English women think about nothing but their age," she said. (She is Viennese, is visiting England from New York.) "I find it quite absurd. If you keep thin and dress well, and have personality, what does your age matter?"

"I dress very simply, I never wear girlish, baby-doll clothes, or babyish colours. For winter, I dress in three colours only — black, grey, and red."

"I always wear a hat, because when

you aren't young, you have to be well groomed, but I think very dresy hats are ageing. I prefer a beret."

"I usually wear my hair fairly long. I was talked into cutting it this summer, but it didn't suit me."

"I do not spend much time on beauty culture. But I exercise every morning for from 10 to 60 minutes, and I call it 'Yoga and Tilly.'"

The thing she did not mention is the thing you'll see with one glance at the picture—that she has the most exquisite hands.

A feature that every woman over 40 should work on with extra care.

(London Express Service)

NEW VIEWS Low Price

TO preserve you from commercial travellers, balliffs, canvassers or unwelcome friends—a tiny magnifying glass eye, fitted into your front door, which gives you a clear view of what's outside without being seen yourself.

These are not a new idea, but this particular version, on sale at the Gramercy garage department, has a new low price—8d each, plus instructions on how to install the thing yourself.

Replaced

THE curly wrought-iron furniture vogue is being replaced by a curly-wicker work, furniture, vases, ornaments, as covetous and functional as a Ronald Starke drawing, can be slung down in antique shops or bought new at some of the larger stores.

(London Express Service)

Dee Wells ON NEW BOOKS

Why gentle Quasia became a killer

THE widow's lonely homestead on the Texas border was vulnerable — very vulnerable — to Indian attack. When the Comanches rode up in full feathered regalia, the widow's son bravely brandished his gun. He was 10 years old. And the gun was unloaded.

The Indians' escort, a U.S. Cavalry lieutenant, smiled. No need for a gun, he said. These Indians were friendly.

And so they were. When Davy visited their camp, he sat cross-legged by the fire and listened to their legends. The young chief, Quasia, even tumbled the boy's straw-coloured hair, and smiled in friendly wonder at his sky-blue eyes.

SO LONELY

When, suddenly, the friendly Comanches departed, Davy and little sister Jinny missed them and were lonely again.

But a day later, Quasia's friendly Indians reappeared. They came over the rise, and the children ran forward to greet them.

There was Quasia, his chief's feather clamped into his plait by a bear claw.

There was War Axe.

There was Red Buffalo, the dandy, the sun glinting on his quilt-trimmed buckskin trousers.

There were the others — the ones whose names they didn't know. But they were their Indians. Their friendly Indians.

Perhaps Davy didn't even guess the truth when Quasia — no smile now — scooped him up at the gallop and flung him across the saddle.

Perhaps Jinny thought it was a game. If so, it was a game she didn't want to play. When Pakawa leaned towards her, she stepped back instinctively.

But not far enough. The Indian's fingers twisted into her dress and swept her off the ground. High in the air he tossed her, catching her by one leg as she fell.

UNDER ESCORT

Then, swinging her underhand like a polo mallet, he galloped towards a post and crashed her head at full force into it. He dropped her limp body in the dust and galloped off.

This terrible scene of friendship soured into hate and murder is the turning point of *THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS* by John Prebble (Secker and Warburg, 15s.), the most powerfully real and complex Western novel I have ever read.

Only technically is this book a novel. For everything in it really happened. Every last convolution of its tightly interlaced human dilemmas is true. Its theme is hate. That he who hates most, and is strongest, wins. Or does he?

The time is post-Civil War. The late 1860's. America is expanding further and further West.

Each homestead set up, each wagon, trail across the plains, each bit of territory tamed spells misery for the Indians. They know no life but hunting. If they cannot hunt, they starve.

As the white man moves in, their hunting lands disappear. And plundering white men hide-hunters are slaughtering the Indians' food supply, the great herds of buffalo that roam the plains.

In Kansas City a buffalo hide fetches up to five dollars. The white men know this. And the Indians know that if the herds are butchered they and their people will starve.

Some Indians have accepted the white man's rule. They have signed treaties. They have given up their lands and gone to reservations. They will still be allowed to hunt, yes. But the hunt will be orderly now. Restricted. And escorted by the U.S. Cavalry.

OUT OF BOUNDS

Quasia is one of the Indians who has agreed to life on a Reservation. He genuinely likes white men, and has learned in his mission school that their word is to be trusted. So long as he can believe this, Quasia can keep his Comanches peaceful and law-abiding.

Lieutenant Byrne escorts Quasia's Comanches on a week's buffalo hunt. On no account are they to cross the Red River into Texas. That is Texas Ranger territory. And too many Texas homesteaders have been murdered by Indians for the Rangers to have any tenderness left for red men.

Byrne and his 10 soldiers help the Indians to look for their buffalo. But what they find is carnage. The hide-hunters have been there before them. And have left a wide plain covered with bloody carcasses rotting in the stench.

Byrne muffs his nostrils to keep from vomiting at the stench. Quasia and his Indians can only stare at the devastation before them. Devastation that means a starvation winter. To them, this slaughter is theft. Even friendly Quasia feels the first inkling of betrayal.

SILENT ESCAPE

Close by the Norvall homestead they find all that is left of the butchered herd. Two small, fat buffalo are all they get. Not enough for the winter. But better than nothing. The Indian women hang the meat to dry on the banks of the Red River.

Two of Quasia's Indians go in search of more buffalo. Disobeying orders, they go across the forbidden Red River. One of them is killed by Rangers.

who then ford the river to the Indian camp.

Lieutenant Byrne protects his Indians. But he is unable to protect their drying buffalo meat. Riding away, the Rangers slash the ropes and trample the meat into the muddy river.

At this, the Comanches desert the white man's rule and "protection" for ever. Breaking camp secretly, they plunge across the river to wreak bloody vengeance.

Outnumbered by Rangers, more of them are killed. One of them is Quasia's own brother. The brother who had long tried to convince him of the infamy of white men. Quasia is at last convinced.

"KILL" is their only thought as they retreat across the river. And the first infamous white person they kill is the tiny innocent Jinny.

Anne Norvall's loss is total. Davy, kidnapped by new peers, haps dead. Little Jinny is dead. The numb mother sits clutching her child's dead body, and staring vacantly into space.

Looking on this scene, Byrne is unable to fight down his own bitter rage and hate. Quasia has been a "good" Indian, but what is a good Indian? A good Indian is a dead Indian.

ONE BY ONE....

Treaties forgotten, his orders to return the Indians to their Reservation forgotten, Lieut. Byrne rides off with Anne Norvall's hysterical words ringing in his ears. "Kill them. Kill them all."

Now the scene is set for the momentum-gaining horror of two men, whose only thought is to kill, pitted against each other.

Quasia has headed for the badlands. Desert country, with no water and no protection from the merciless sun. Elusively the Indians keep just ahead, luring the Cavalrymen to sure death in this untracked wasteland.

One by one Byrne's horses and men die from hunger and thirst. The rest struggle on.

Deep in the desolate country they find Davy's grave. At death march's end, only a handful are left. Of the Comanches, only Quasia is still alive. Of the soldiers, only Byrne has any heart left for the close-in kill.

There is only one waterhole within miles. Byrne gets there first. And waits, secure in the knowledge that Quasia must come — or die of thirst.

Crazed with thirst, knowing he is walking to his death, Quasia crosses the plain towards Byrne. At 20 yards Byrne raises his carbine.

SO SAD! NO LOVE IN THE COLDEST CLIMATE OF ALL



WILL she? Won't she?

Kiss him, of course. If she does, this Moscow vamp will shatter a long-standing record in the Russian theatre.

For in his book, *ENTERTAINMENT IN RUSSIA* (to be published by Thomas Nelson), Faubion Bowers reports that in all his Moscow theatre-going — except for a few chaste pecks in established classics — he never saw so much as a single kiss exchanged between hero and heroine.

And, he adds, the puritan Communist Government is dead against such soppy Westernisms.

A sad state. No love in the coldest climate of all.

(Picture from Moscow's Operetta Theatre production of "Chenita's Kiss").

—(London Express Service).

It's a cosy life at the big store

BOND STREET STORY. By Norman Collins. Collins. 16s.

THIS kind of episodic old-fashioned novel, woven round a large institution, will not, I suspect, survive the Telly age. For this is a sort of Emergency Ward 10, only about a Bond Street department store instead of a hospital.

Doubtless Mr. Norman Collins' talent scouts will already have spotted it as a likely successor to the medical saga — under a better title.

No worries

It has all the soap-opera ingredients. Extreme length; lots and lots of different characters from different walks of life, all bound together tenuously by their connection with Rammell's.

Lots of things happen, but nothing unexpected, nothing nasty, nothing worrying, nothing illuminating.

Chairman of Rammell's of Bond Street is Sir Charles, eccentric Edwardian; managing director is Eric, victim of dyspepsia and a culture-hungry wife; third generation Tony is in danger of becoming one of those long-haired types, till he tries his hand behind the counter in shirts, and fails for little Irene in silks.

Irene wanted to be an actress but came into Rammell's because her father was Mr. Privett, the second floor-walker, who sails model yachts in

The rewards

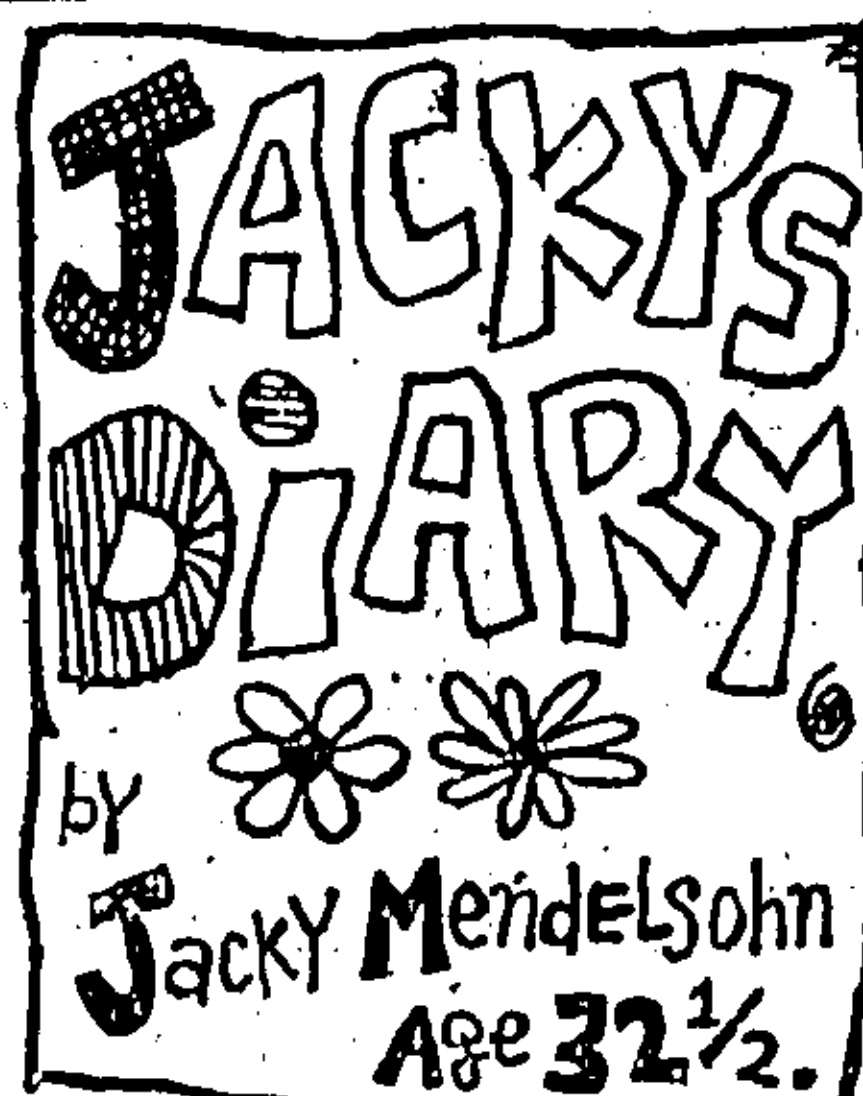
And so the relationships spread outwards and outwards in the best soap-opera tradition. There's Mabel, the dumb languorous model who runs through all the Rammell's males starting at the bottom and ending up her ladyship; and there's Mrs. Rammell and Mrs. Privett and Ted, and oh, lots of others. And the nice thing is that everyone gets rewarded.

There's retirement and pensions for the old, marriage and happy-ever-after for the young, and for the middle-aged the consolation prize of reconciliation.

What could be nicer?

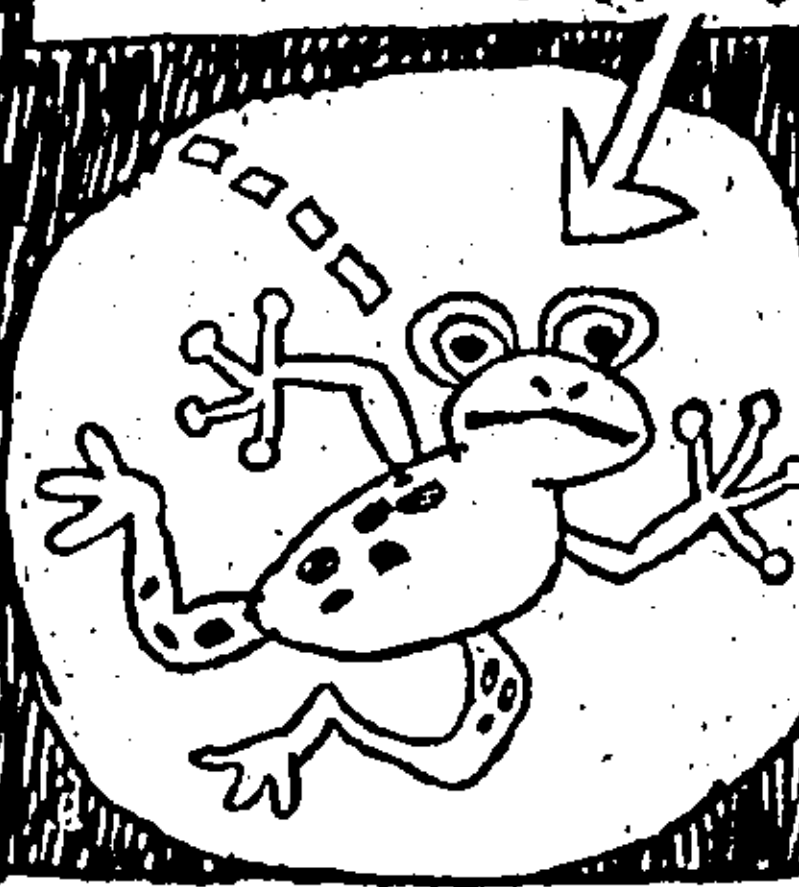
—Richard

Lister



Last week Mommy took me to a Pet Chop to buy a PUPPY on a count of my Pet Frog ran a way.

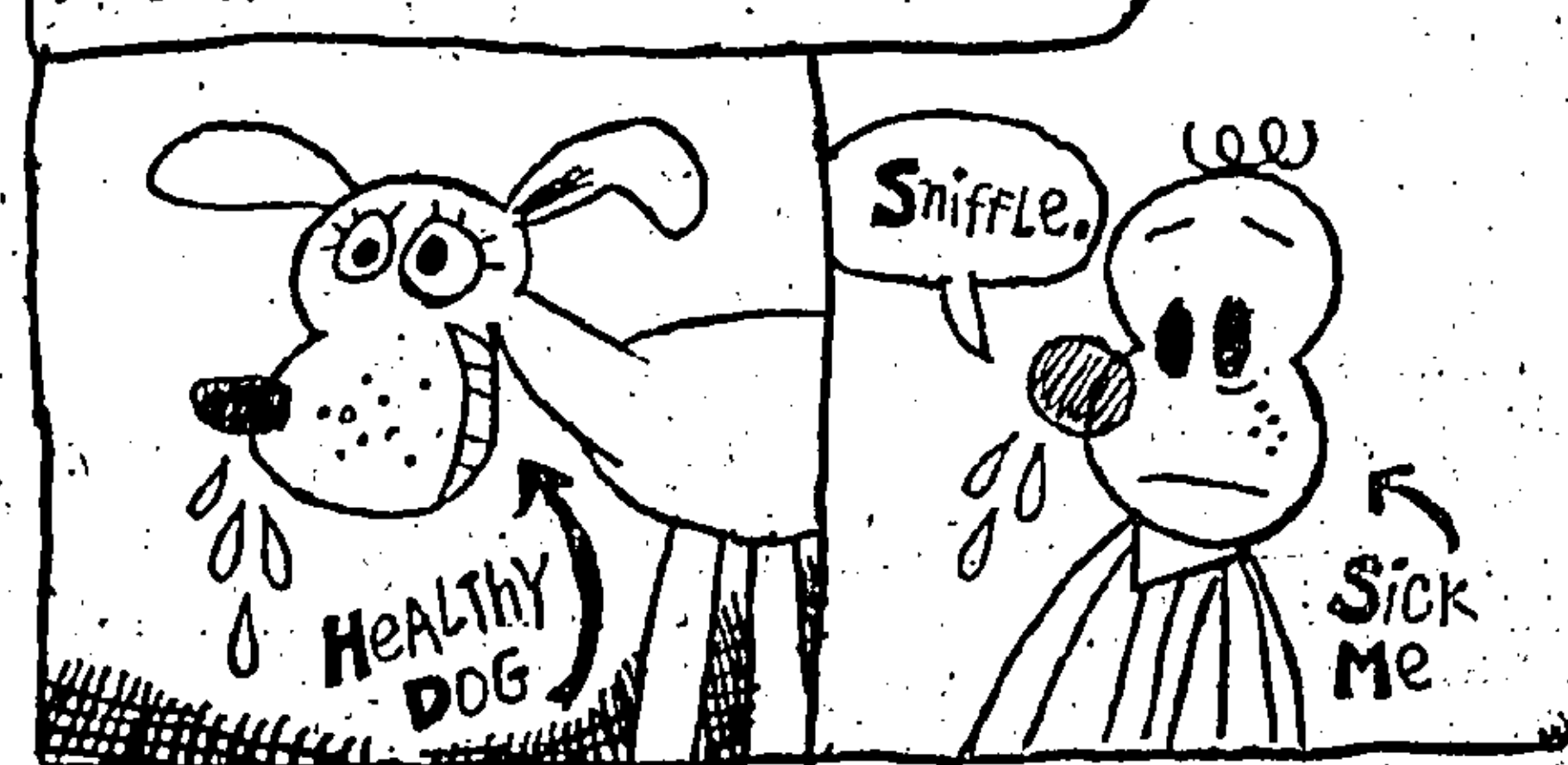
Actually he didn't run, BUT MORE LIKE HOPPED.



So it's called a Pet Chop cause if you Pet the wrong kind of Animal in there, you could get your finger chopped off.



You can tell when a puppy is healthy cause his nose is wet. With me it's just the opposite.



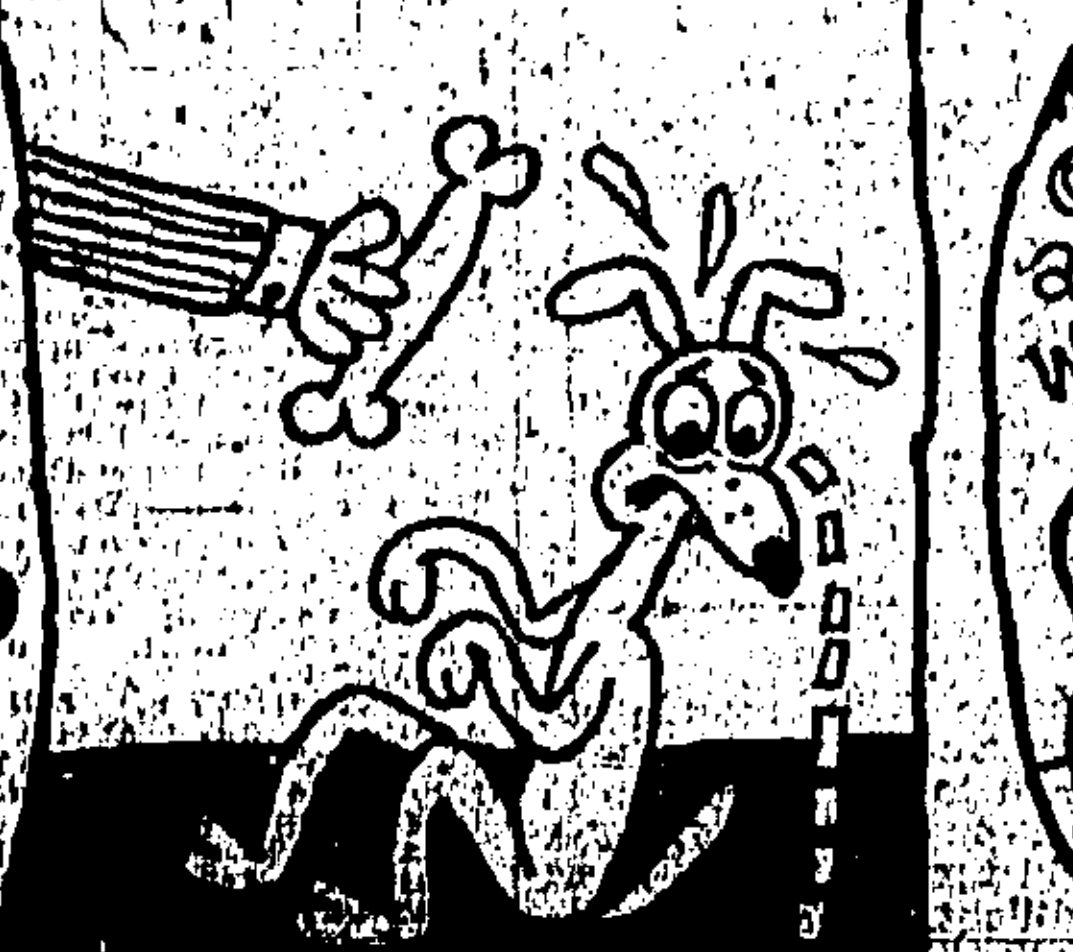
A dog is some times called Man's Pest Friend. That's on a count of you gotta take him out for his Exercise even if it's raining.



Also when you buy a puppy dog, it's good if he got a Pet-Agree... which is a thing that if he don't have one, people can't agree on what kind of a Pet he is.



Another thing you gotta watch out for when you buy a dog is that he don't have Height-Phobia, which means he's a-scared of height, or else you'll never be able to train him to sit up & beg.



The Girl Who Heard The Call Of New York...

ANATOMY OF ME. By Fannie Hurst. Cape. 16s.

VERY Jewish, very German, and altogether American, the Hurst family dwelt in St Louis during the early years of the 20th century.

They were reasonably well-to-do, thanks to the shoe factory into which papa ploughed back far more money than mama wanted him to do, and they kept one oppressed maid.

Mama (born Rose Koppel) was a great talker, amusing and hot-tempered. She had an obsessive dread of poverty.

NOT LIKE PAPA

She was the reverse of papa, a heavy conventional man with rigid beliefs: e.g. Foreigners beat their wives and wear small collar sizes. Modesty is a girl's finest attribute.

The Hurst had one child, Fannie, clever, sensitive, and wildly ambitious. Now a successful novelist and story-teller, Fannie looks back with nostalgia and humour on growing up in St. Louis.

by George Malcolm Thomson

Fannie Hurst's picture of that distant age is both touching and vivid; the work of an expert novelist.

NO DRAMATICS

The family and the city are, of course, only the background. This is Fannie Hurst's autobiography; the loves, dreams and problems of an over-weight (which nature cured), over-dressed (thanks to mama), and determined young woman of talent.

Knowledge is power, said papa in his sententious way, encouraging his daughter along the paths of study. But mama had her thoughts on marriage and her eye on two nice Jewish boys.

But the first serious suitor, Mr. Barr, a Minnesota farm boy, was a Scottish Presbyterian by descent.

Mr Barr said gently that he must be going. "No dramatics, no anything, except that he kissed my fingertips carefully, picked up his carefully placed hat and gloves, and closed the front door softly as if not to leave the imprint of his departure on the silence."

The only real love in Fannie's life seems to have been for Jacques Danielson, a talented and elegant pianist. Everything was against him so far as Fannie's parents were concerned. He was a musician, that is, Bohemian. And, though a Jew, he had been born in Moscow.

"Papa, who had a fine, strong nose, looked down at me and made repulsive pronouncements: 'Foreigners beat their wives. Foreigners wear size 18 collars.'"

In spite of her parents' opposition, Fannie married Jacques. By that time she was a figure in New York. The magazines, after rejecting her stories 24 times, were accepting them.

She had reached the point where she needed papa and mama no more. But as this book, full of regret and gaily shows, she has never ceased to miss them.

—(London Express Service).

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

ELECTION DAY COVERAGE

Broadcasting All Day On Friday

Next Thursday is Polling Day in Britain and as we pointed out in this column last week it will be Friday, October 9, by the time the results begin to arrive in Hongkong. At no time on Friday (Hongkong time) will the BBC's General Overseas Service be off the air: Radio Hongkong, too, will be on the air from 6 in the morning until midnight.

According to information received at the time of going to press, the BBC's coverage of the election begins with a Polling Day version of Radio Newswatch at 7 a.m. Hongkong time; thereafter, until the result of the election is clear, the General Overseas Service will devote itself to putting out a steady flow of information on the state of the vote. Throughout the day G.O.S. programmes will consist entirely of bulletins, commentaries, roundups, and analyses related to the Election. Radio Hongkong's role will be two-fold: whenever reception conditions allow, it will be relaying the BBC's reports continuously. At the same time, election results received from Reuters will be broadcast as they come in. In an Election Operations Room in the station itself an up-to-the-minute chart of the results will be kept, and from this centre information will be fed to the announcers immediately it comes to hand.

By complementing the relay from the BBC with other sources it should be possible to maintain a continuous flow of news from the early morning until midnight on Friday. If the result of the election is quite clear by 10.15 p.m. Hongkong time, the General Overseas Service will revert to normal programmes, as will Radio Hongkong; and in the unlikely event that the result is still in the balance at midnight on Friday by our time, Radio Hongkong will continue broadcasting until the result is decided.

Radio Hongkong's normal programmes throughout Friday have

been replaced in almost every case with music which can be easily interrupted for election news. Exceptions to this rule are news bulletins and a few really short programmes (e.g. "The Archers" at 6.30 p.m.).

Four pre-election broadcasts are still to come: three of these are campaigning talks on discussions and one is the last in the series of background talks on the British electoral system. The first category includes a talk tonight on behalf of the Conservative Party by the Rt. Hon. R.A. Butler and Pat Hornby-Smith; a feature entitled "Britain Belongs to You" direct from Labour's radio and television operations room in London, introduced by Anthony Wedgwood Benn on Monday night; and another talk on the half of the Conservative Party by the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Hallam, G.C., Lord President of the Council, the Rt. Hon. Reginald Maudling, Paymaster-General, and the Rt. Hon. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, on Wednesday.

"The British Electoral System in Practice" is the title of the last election background talk. The speaker is the well-known Canadian broadcaster, Robert Mackenzie, and he goes on air tomorrow night.

Each of these four talks related to the British General Election begins at 7.30 p.m.

A Deal In Ostriches By H. G. Wells

Early this year the Garrison Players put on a very successful radio production of "A Deal In Ostriches" by H. G. Wells. A BBC production of the play has



For Radio Hongkong's news magazine programme "This Week" (today, 8.15 p.m.) Patricia Ponn interviewed Singapore fashion model Ruth Warner, visiting the Colony to open a model school here. With her to the studios went models Aline Stobs and Sonia Kilgannon. Left to right: Patricia Ponn, Aline Stobs, Ted Thomas (the producer), Sonia Kilgannon and Ruth Warner.

recorded form and is to be broadcast over Radio Hongkong at 9.15 p.m. on Wednesday. This unusually gay story of the mysterious—and highly dramatic—disappearance of a valuable diamond from the turban of a high-caste Indian was adapted as a radio play by Lance Slevelling, and as such provides excellent radio entertainment.

The diamond, missed from the turban whilst the owner is travelling by sea from Bombay to Britain, is believed to have been swallowed by one of the five ostriches making the same journey; but since all five birds look exactly alike, no one seems to be sure which is the culprit. The Indian is frantic with rage and frustration, especially when a speculative dealer buys the lot and then auctions them to hopeful customers. The story ends unexpectedly on a note of celebration in which the owner of the diamond participates.

The Boeing 707

Today at five o'clock the new Boeing 707 arrives at Kai Tak

for the first time on its first proving flight into Hongkong. Radio Hongkong's reporter will be at Kai Tak to describe the touchdown and interview the pilot, Captain Smith, and you can hear these recordings in "This Week" at 8.15 tonight.

Talking About Books

Book reviews and discussions are things we have come to associate with the long winter evenings, now not far off. "Bookshop" tomorrow night at 7.45 marks the beginning of a new series of Sunday evening club discussions of recently published books. Tomorrow night's speaker is Gill Crowe and he will be talking about two books: "Diamond Harbour" by Roy Foster and "The Good Lion" by Len Doherty.

A second series, in this case of discussion programmes, begins on Wednesday at 8.30 when Gerald Moore and Timothy Birch will be talking about two books on the Irish writer James Joyce: "The Critical Writings of

James Joyce" edited by Mason and Elinor, and his brother Stanislaus Joyce's study "My Brother's Keeper."

Foa-Ore Recital

It is some months now since Arrigo Foa and Harry Ore last gave a recital from Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall, but next Wednesday, at 8.45 they will be getting together again for a performance of Beethoven's Sonata No. 6 in A major for piano and violin.

Motoring Magazine

This month's magazine for enthusiasts will feature a Road Test on two versions of the Karmann-Ghia Volkswagen, a talk by Major Harry Stanley (who is by the way an ex-Secretary of the RAC) in the series "Cars I Have Owned" and commentaries by Raymond Baxter and Eric Tobitt on the RAC Tourist Trophy at Goodwood.

"Motoring Magazine" which is compiled and produced by Timothy Birch is on the air at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3

1.30 P.M. FINNY SIDE UP.
1.50 THE NEWS.
2.00 COMMENTARY.
2.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
2.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
2.30 FORCES FAVOURITES.
2.40 FROM THE WEEKEND.
2.50 EXTRA from editorial comment by Ian Stewart.
3.00 THE NEWS.
3.10 THE TALKING SHOW.
3.20 THE NEWS.
3.30 COMMENTARY.
3.40 WEEKEND REVIEW.
3.50 THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
4.00 THE NEWS.
4.10 A talk by George Sill of the Institute of Physics.
4.20 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
4.30 THE NEWS.
4.40 RADIO NEWSPREVIEW.
4.50 THE NEWS.
5.00 THE NEWS.
5.10 THE NEWS.
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11.50 THE NEWS.
12.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4

8.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.50 THE NEWS.
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MONDAY, OCT. 5

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8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
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TUESDAY, OCT. 6

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THURSDAY, OCT. 8

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Professor C. J. Lewis, and Professor D. G. Christoperson.

1.30 P.M. FINNY SIDE UP.
1.50 THE NEWS.
2.00 COMMENTARY.
2.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
2.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
2.30 FORCES FAVOURITES.
2.40 FROM THE WEEKEND.
2.50 EXTRA from editorial comment by Ian Stewart.
3.00 THE NEWS.
3.10 THE TALKING SHOW.
3.20 THE NEWS.
3.30 COMMENTARY.
3.40 WEEKEND REVIEW.
3.50 THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
4.00 THE NEWS.
4.10 A talk by George Sill of the Institute of Physics.
4.20 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
4.30 THE NEWS.
4.40 RADIO NEWSPREVIEW.
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MONDAY, OCT. 5

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TUESDAY, OCT. 6

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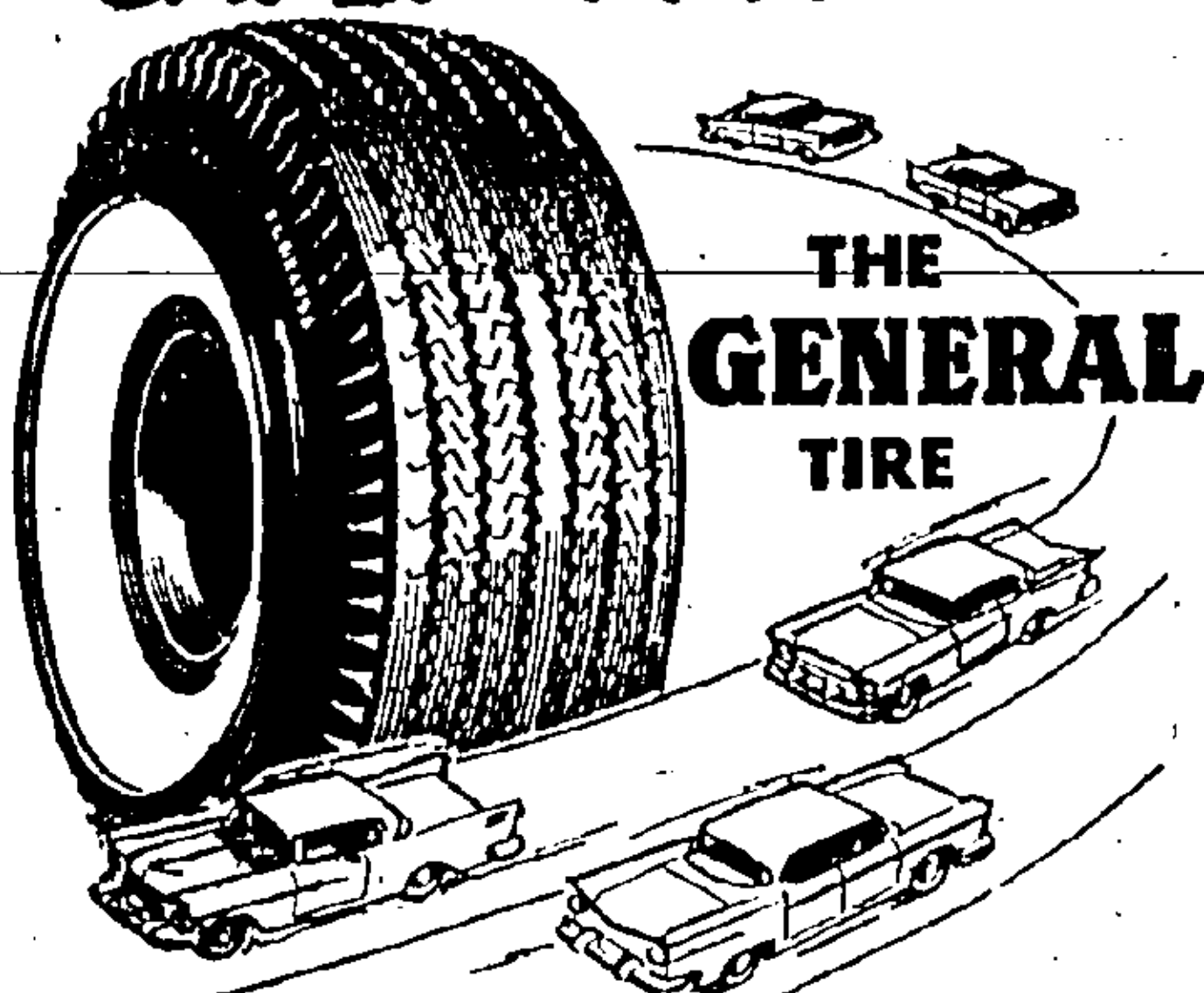
Rugby Goes Into Full Swing

Aly Khan's Petite Wonder Can Clinch A Record

By STANLEY LANGLEY

Trainer Noel Murless, having conducted a spectacularly successful stake-winning campaign this season, is preparing his mighty Newmarket establishment for winter retirement. But he still has an important shot to fire, one that confidently makes me forecast his total for the new training record will be in the region of a fabulous £140,000.

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- ★ Full Resistance to Skidding
- ★ Quieter and Cooler running

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

1ST RACE MEETING

Saturday, 3rd October, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of The Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2:00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will be close at 11:45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 3, D'Aguiar Street, King's Road, North Point, and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 2nd October, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Special Cash Sweep Tickets on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 17th October, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices at:

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on:

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays .. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday, 20th September .. 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday, 3rd October .. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays .. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday, 20th September .. 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Saturday, 3rd October .. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 26th September, 1959.

THREE GAMES ON MAINLAND AND ONE ON ISLAND TODAY

By PAK LO

This afternoon the rugby season gets into full swing with a series of four matches, three of them on the mainland and the other on the island.

As at present only the Club has been seen in action it is difficult to make a forecast of what will happen this afternoon, but with three of the games taking place at Boundary Street that is the place where most fans will gather.

Noel informed me that the "A" side, the "B" side, and the "C" side, will make her final appearance in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket on October 17.

This, no doubt, will come as a relief to French trainers with designs on the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe this Sunday, but not to English counterparts entertaining hopes of belatedly raising their own totals.

£100 To Run

The Champion is one of the most valuable weight-for-age races in the Racing Calendar. Exact value cannot be ascertained in advance but the sweepstakes will be added £10,000. Candidates will pay £100 to run but £150 if defaulting after the final forfeit.

In such circumstances the whittling down by October 14 will probably be on an unprecedented scale but not, I hope, badly enough to stop the Aly Khan's grey wonder from being really put through her paces to wind up an exemplary three-year-old career.

Anyway, it seems certain to be another five-figure contribution to the Murless total from which incidentally, I am excluding the possibility of stable-companion Primera opening up an overseas account of about £35,000 in the "Triomphe".

On the Police ground, at 3.15 p.m., RAF Kai Tak, face the Sappers "A" side, and this should be quite a good game in every way. The Sappers have a strong back line, while the Sappers' main strength lies in the forwards. As a result a hard battle is expected with the Sappers, on paper, having the stronger side and are expected to win.

Fast Threes

Following this at 4.30 p.m. the Police take their first official outing against the Whitefield side.

The Police have never been more confident of winning, but they are feeling a very strong side in the Whitefield Wanderers for their first outing.

Whichever side will win remains to be seen, but here with two fast sets of three opposing one another, a really good game should be the result.

The Police have always been puffed for their strong pack, but until this season have lacked strength in attack behind the scrum. With this now present they should do well, and could win if they can just pace. This is one of the big faults of the Police, that they seldom have the time to correct. They do not get enough training, but they should have enough power to win today.

On the Army Boundary Street ground at 3.15 p.m. the Club playing an unchanged XV from the one that drew with Forstgate's XV on Monday take on 32 Medium Regt.

The Club is still weak in the centre of the three but this should be quickly overcome, and their forwards should dominate the scrums, and enable them to win. Little is known of the 32 Medium except

that a report had it that they are very fast, but this afternoon you will be able to see for yourself.

Game At Stanley

In accordance with their general policy to spread the values of the games of rugby around a bit, the HKRU have arranged for the fourth game at Stanley where at 4.30 p.m. the 1st Lanes are hosts to Club "B".

The Lanes team is fairly strong, while Club "B" is doing its usual hunt round for enough players to make up the 15 men, but somehow this will be done.

Club "B" has yet to show its abilities, but last season it lost all or nearly all of its easy games, and won all the hard ones, upsetting some of the highly favoured teams who went on the field expecting an easy win. The "B" side is at its best when its back is to the wall, and already it would seem that it is starting this way.

Although the Lanes are the obvious choice for a win here, one can never count out Club "B" until no-side has blown.

Teams

Club "A": Lochrie, Laville, D'Eath, Watson, Johnson, Bennett, Williams, King, Whiteley, Ross, Macaulay, Campbell, Utley, Penman.

Club "B": Deacock, Inglis, V. Laville, Heenan, Marriott, Brown, Spencer, Dillworth, Kilvert, Skinner, Hall, Leonard, Armstrong, Wright, Smith. Whitefield Wanderers: Johnson, Brown, Davies, Neill, Martindale, Smith, Kirkland, Hope, Pettford, Wylie, Cleary, Ritchie, Gill, Phoenix, Wiseman.

MORE UPSETS EXPECTED AS SOFTBALL SEASON ENTERS THIRD WEEK TODAY

Barely two weeks have passed since the opening games in the Junior league and already we have had surprise results and happenings.

Firstly the favourites for the title, the Cheyennes made a miserable debut against a Dodger side that played inspired softball.

Then the Pandas under Y. S. Liang showed they are a force to be reckoned with by taking two straight games.

The strong Cardinals team ended up on the wrong side of a 12-12 score because of some players' truncheons and last but by no means least the Stardusts came in for honourable mention. Last week against the Pandas they registered the season's first triple play—and with the bases loaded too. Sadly enough they lost the game.

All of the foregoing merely lends support to an earlier statement made in this column to the effect that this year's Junior league would produce surprises galore. It appears more than likely that this trend for the unexpected to occur should continue as the season enters its third week of league competition.

Unbeaten

Tomorrow afternoon at 2.30 p.m. Fred Diesta's Dodgers clash with the Indians. Both are unbeaten to date. If the Dodgers show the same form they displayed against the Cheyennes they will take some beating. Their pitcher Baker

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 2nd Race Meeting 1959/60 to be held on Saturday 17th and Monday 19th October, 1959 (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 9th October, 1959.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

J. L. MANNING investigates...

CHAIN-STORE TENNIS

John Albert Kramer was in a London office above two floors of a tennis factory and below two floors of the Inland Revenue. The Crazy Gang were opposite. No man ought to be in that situation. It's like breaking an oar halfway across the Styx.

You've arrived, Manning, he said, on the day I feel like cutting my throat.

Don't mind me, I replied gently, I'll just stick around for the pictures.

I've just added up the figures (he went on) and it looks like that right now I've been stuck for \$17,000 on his tour.

The figures (see exhibit A in his own writing in this page) showed that Mr K. had paid out \$371,000 plus a colossal travelling bill, to his circus since January 2 this year, and that his receipts (not exhibited) were a bit short.

Never mind, I said constructively. You can always tour Israel, until it blows over.

I took the knife from his back-hand and we talked it over. So what is his business?

I'm two companies (he said). President and general manager of Tennis Tournaments Inc and World Tennis Inc. Mother (daughter of an English-

man) is treasurer of World Tennis and the wife is director of both corporations. It's darn complicated.

Beef Annuity

Anything else? Yes, I get a nice annuity from Wilson's (American racket-makers) for the use of my name.

And? I've a 50 p.c. interest in a sports-wear outfit.

Next? My tennis supply company buys beef gut (lamb's gut is too expensive) from Australia and sells it to Wilson's who add the wood to make rackets.

Is that the lot? Nope. Racquet Stables in Australia is formed to breed racehorses which give them a three-month advantage in America because of the difference in seasons or something.

No, sir, but most of my money is in groceries. I got a big interest in 48 supermarkets strung along the West Coast. Ever go hungry?

Can't say we do. Gloria (my wife) has five boys to feed, ages 12, 10, nine, four and three. We live in Bel Air, Los Angeles. We did have four bedrooms and three bathrooms, but fire destroyed the top part. Out of the insurance settlement we built two more bedrooms, a playground and another bathroom.

Tennis court? Nope. Big garage for the station wagon, Ford sports, and my Cadillac. That's all.

Big staff? Well, I got an office with one secretary and three men, another plus secretary in Australia, one in France, one in South Africa and a partner in London. And I have a publicist and a man who makes lovely speeches.

With that little lot you can just about manage to sign on a few amateurs?

Yes, sir. I got an office with one secretary and three men, another plus secretary in Australia, one in France, one in South Africa and a partner in London. And I have a publicist and a man who makes lovely speeches.

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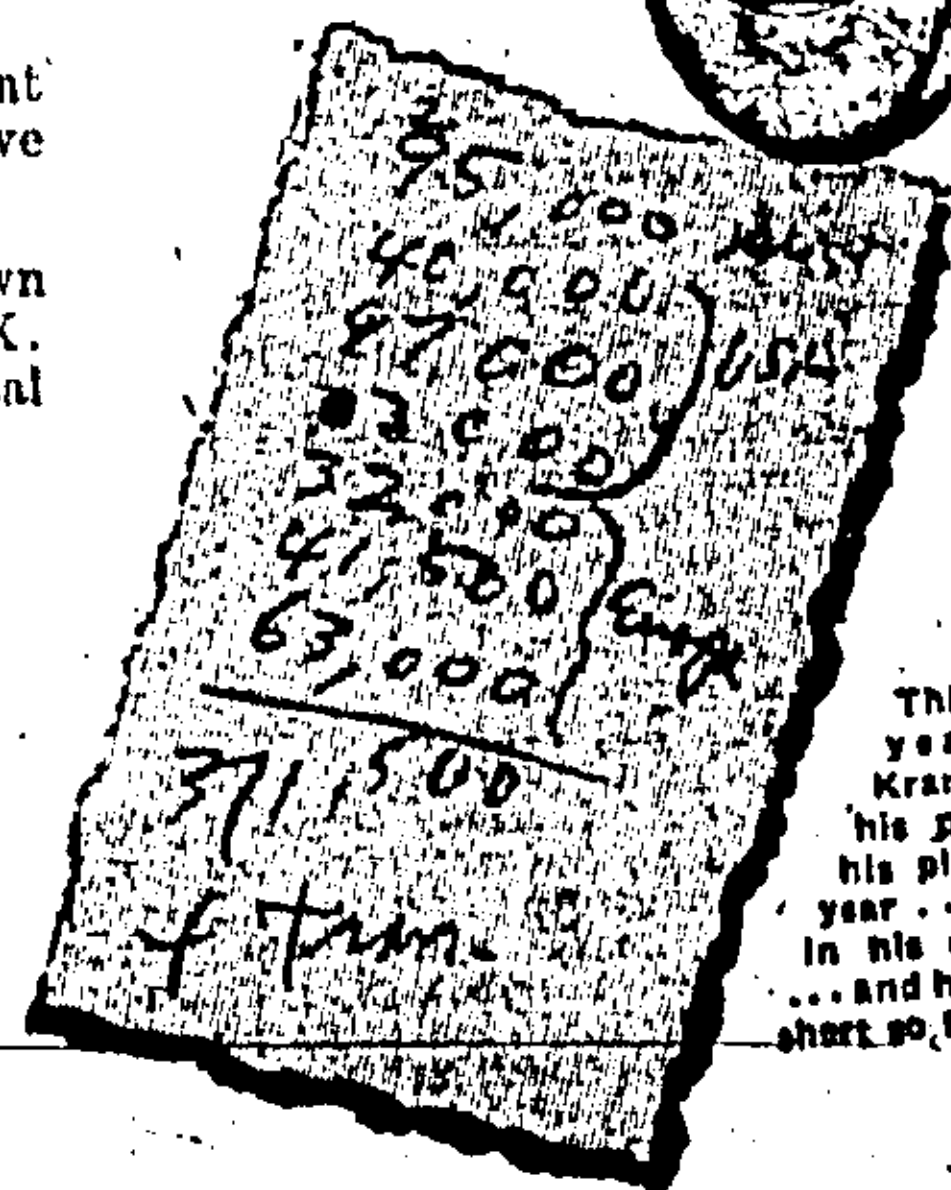
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Thirty-eight-year-old Kramer and his players this year... written his own hand... and he's \$17,000 short so far.



and financed the farm. We now got four stallions, 105 mares and just sold a two-year-old for \$40,000 after winning one race.

Anything else? One-third interest in a Los Angeles golf course (with 40 years of lease to run) and a 25 per cent interest in 44 building lots in Beverly Hills.

Go on. Then I've got 60 per cent of one-eighth of an oil gush in Texas, which is so rich that they're spending \$90,000,000 piping it to California. Along with tube will flow royalty cheques for the Kramers for the next 20 years. I only stood to lose \$15,000 if there was no strike.

Anything else? One-third interest in a Los Angeles golf course (with 40 years of lease to run) and a 25 per cent interest in 44 building lots in Beverly Hills.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Should The HKFA Hold Its Meetings In Private?

Should the Press be excluded from all official meetings of the Hongkong Football Association?

That may seem a strange question to raise at this time but it is a subject which is allegedly being given a lot of thought in many places at present.

There is apparently an ever growing school of thought that all meetings of the HKFA should be held in private and that an official press release should be issued after the business of the meeting has been concluded.

The idea is neither original nor new and while some people certainly will not like it there seems no suggestion that it is a move to interfere in any way with the freedom of the press. The feeling appears to be that under the present arrangement whereby important—and even bitterly controversial—matters are discussed in what is virtually open forum there must be times when members of council and committee wish to hold private discussions because they do not want to be quoted in the press.

You may say that such circumstances are the attendant hazards of accepting a seat on the council but there are of course equally strong counter arguments.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

Growing Desire

Newspapers simply do not have the space to report EVERYTHING which is said and done at a meeting of several hours' duration and quite naturally sports writers seek the 'juicy' morsels on which to build attractive stories.

With these points in mind there is a growing desire for greater privacy at meetings and according to stories circulating at the moment a definite move may soon be made to exclude the Press from official gatherings until the business of the evening has been transacted and an approved statement on it prepared for issue.

With this subject again in the limelight the deliberation stage is far from over. It is interesting to recall that when one important personage was approached to stand for high office in the association some years ago he made it a condition of acceptance that the press would be excluded from all meetings. The condition was apparently not acceptable at that time.

No Complaints

Now it would seem that some folks are having second thoughts about it and maybe they are beginning to wonder if they made the right decision after all.

Provided the press is given adequate, frank and informative releases after meetings there could surely be no lasting complaint. There might of course be some initial disappointment and even hostility at loss of privilege but if the HKFA did a good public relations job that would soon abate.

The situation is very interesting. It involves important issues. It will have to be handled with tact and firmness if it is in fact brought to an official level for consideration. At the moment it merely smolders.

★ ★ ★

Humpty Dumpty, for all his lasting fame, never took a bigger fall than did some of our soccer giants last weekend.

The topsy turvy results which several of the games produced is the best thing that has happened to Hongkong football in years. It does the game the world of good to see the Gollaths successfully smitten by the Davids of the day.

Although to be quite truthful it would seem that some of the current big names are in fact Gollaths in name only.

The defeats of South China, Tung Wah and Eastern by Police, C&A and Happy Valley respectively puts the season into reasonable perspective.

The little clubs can now go into their encounters with the elite, confident in the knowledge that name and reputation never win anything, and that, nowadays, the wide gulf between the top and the bottom of the first division is no longer as wide and unquerable as it was even as recently as a year ago.

Drop In Standard

The simple truth is that there has been an overall drop in general standard. For example the side that turned out last Sunday must have brought a blush to the face of many of their long-term officials. The side that has been in the line-up for so long in the achievements of brilliant eleven. The ragged, unskilled, bit-and-miss stuff the champions produced against the Police surely hit an all-time low for the Caroline Hill outfit.

A certain amount of credit for this must of course go to the Police but even that could not make the shortcomings of the South China team.

For seasons the side has revolved round the wiles and nimble brain of Yiu Chee-yin and now that he is no longer in the line-up it is rather surprising to find such an astute organisation as South China still trying to play exactly the same old game without him.

This is football folly of the highest order. There will have to be sweeping changes in tactics.

Police's Problems

The success scored by the Police has been widely acclaimed and there is no doubt at all that the middle-of-the-road or impartial fans enjoy seeing the big fellows being knocked off their perch once in a while.

It is in spite of this victory, I cannot believe that the Police, whose new coach, Mr Gill, has brought a fine freshness to the team, can be fully satisfied with their line-up. You may feel that a team good enough to beat South China should be good enough for the season ahead.

...and there is also an old, soccer saying that it is wrong to change a winning team... but for all its success the side that beat South China still has its problems.

It badly needs a steady influence in the full-back division. Individually the present pair are competent enough but both lack stability under pressure and that makes them an expensive luxury when things are going wrong.

The middle line did well on Sunday but up front there is a



Breaststroke Champion Gets Her Reward

Among the nine records established on Thursday during the first day's finals of the Colony Open Swimming Championships was the 1 minute 37.2 seconds turned in by Margaret Chan Sin-ye in the women's junior 100 metres breaststroke event. Photo shows Margaret receiving her winner's medal from Mr Ed. Da Rosa after the race, with Mr A. De O. Sales, Chairman of the HKASA looking on. Second was Chow Lai-wah (left) and third, Yuen Shiu-sum (right).

—China Mail Photo.

decided shortage of soccer intelligence. Craft, skill, and split second thinking are the vital essentials of a successful forward line and the ingredients were not too successfully mixed last weekend.

Au Chi-yin Rumours

The big question, of course, is what to do about it?

The place is rife with rumours concerning the future of Au Chi-yin who to my mind is still the best snapper-up of chances in the business. The gossip-mongers have it that he has first-hand with the game completely; that he is out of favour with the Police team officials and the players; that if he plays at all it will be for some other team. I don't believe a word of any of them. Au Chi-yin loves his football. He's too good a player to be out of the line-up and judging by last Sunday's efforts the Police could do with his experience and his ability in the forward line.

That fact must have been as obvious to the astute Police officials as it was to me and I forecast, without the benefit of any inside information... that we shall see the little fellow back in the line up before very long.

KMB's failure to beat newly promoted CMB certainly set the tongues wagging with a vengeance.

Pretty Shoddy Lot

I did not see the game but reliable spectators who did tell me that the Kowloon boys looked a pretty shoddy lot. The side certainly failed to impress. Their inability to take two points from this game against opponents having their first taste of soccer in the senior competition hardly suggests a successful season and the validity of that point of view will be put to a stern test when the side that beat South China at Boundary Street on Monday evening.

Last Saturday afternoon I watched the 'new' Kitchee in action. They ran up a big score against a Sing Tao side that was just about the worst first division combination I have seen in Hongkong football. The Tigers were the tames of the

time; they lacked punch, spirit and understanding and on this form they looked to be in real trouble.

Some folks have acclaimed Kitchee's nine goals as a reliable sample of their potential power and future achievements. I don't agree. The opposition was so poor that the final score was no more than an indication of the difference between a team with its tail up and a bunch of badly disillusioned youngsters many of whom were right out of their class.

Kitchee did little to suggest that they are a great team. They did a competent enough job of running up a big score mainly because their two wing halves could wander upfield at will and because Sing Tao were pathetically weak at centre-half.

Test For Kitchee

This weekend will give us a much better indication of Kitchee's real strength for what-ever the circumstances they will find South China a very different kettle of fish from the floundering youngsters they overwhelmed in their opening game. The only other football I saw in the weekend programme was that between the reserve sides

of Kwong Wah and the Army and I was most impressed with the general fitness, com-diet and playing plan of the soldiers. They used to say in the United Kingdom that if you wanted to know the real strength of a club you should go and see their reserve team in action.

If that is in fact a reliable indication of strength then the Army look well set for a good season. There are certainly one or two players among the ones I saw who will be fighting for a first team place very soon.

★ ★ ★

As a 'tale-wagger' this week I offer, without comment, the Football Association's editorial in the latest issue of 'FA News'.

The editorial states:— "There is a danger that some administrators can easily come to believe that because of their work and knowledge and experience in administration, they know best, and everything should be done their way without criticism."

"It is well for administrators in sport to remember that they are public trustees, holding the well-being and character of the game in trust for the people at large."

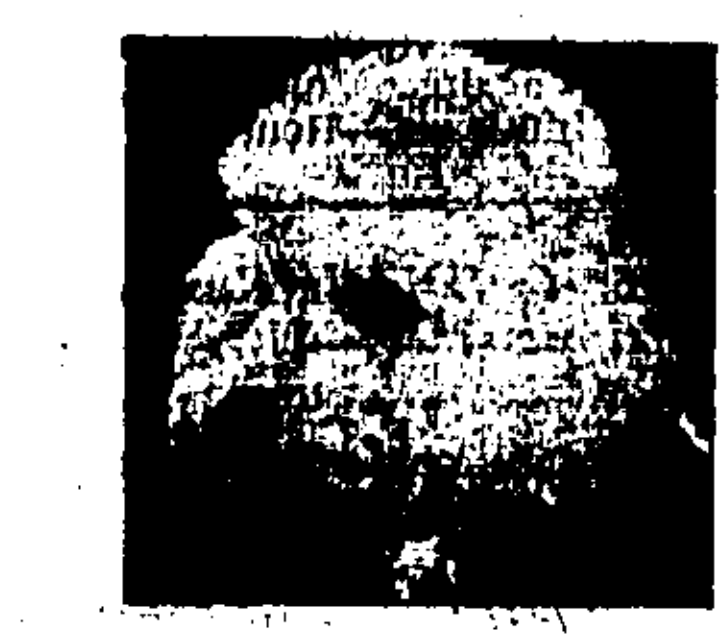
"Their first obligation should be to the players, for games belong to the players, and where an admission charge is made for an event, to the spectators too."

Neat! ... don't you think?

FRENCH RESTAURANT
Cafe de PARIS
FRENCH CUISINE
FRENCH ATMOSPHERE
Queen's Road, C.
Hong Kong.
Reservation 26002.
DINNER DANCE NIGHTLY
with
EDDIE BOLA and his FRENCH COMBO
Member of Diners' Club
Member of American Express Credit Plan
Member of Pindars Services Ltd.



Those unable to take their dogs for a walk on Sundays may be interested in phoning Mr. Elder, 74221 and requesting his voluntary assistance.



London Express Service.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- 1 Cricket.
- 2 Gottfried von Cramm.
- 3 Hockey. The country: India.
- 4 Hop, step and jump.
- 5 Baseball.
- 6 Bowls.
- 7 Billy Cotton.
- 8 18 (including the two coxes).
- 9 Six.
- 10 Britain. Nine tries to seven.

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



incabloc IN YOUR WATCH MEANS RELIABILITY AND ACCURACY

Incabloc constitutes the most important improvement in the modern watch industry. Every watch equipped with Incabloc has its mechanism protected from shock, its working and accuracy ensured.

150,000,000 quality watches all over the world are equipped with Incabloc today.

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